SAMPLE COPIES Sent Free to any Address.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Circulation Last Week, 108,000.

VOLUME LVI. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1887. NUMBER 1.

Poetry.

A LEGACY.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[In this there is a Whittier has written.]

White raon ny years!
Campbell i ls, at last, on me,
spent years had sadden thee
between the s.

One day, a
hunting for dec alone
lying to the sou ion pressed
miles from what n,
and not far fro
creek has its bego
one would leastered less—
different from the pulness
seci ractive
"Pelham," or the Adventure hine
in 1828. These volumes stole
"The Disowned" (1828), "Deo sh makes
"Paul Clifford" (1830), and Eugene
(1832). The hero of the last named novel
taught in the family of Bulwer's grandfath
familiarity with his strange and tragic
tory had given the young writer a great inter
thereby. In 1831 he became editor of the
Monthly Magazine, and the same year
elected to Parliament, of which body he
tinued a member until 1841. Though
fered much from ill-health, he co
years to labor almost contin
pen, writing not only numer
magazine articles on al
subjects. We have on
few of his best known
lished "The Last D
the Last of the T
Maltravers" (183
Last of the
tons" (1850), "Eu stays so late?"
Will He who uttered these words
He also wro a hundred times since
plays, two in sunset in which she
drama o beside the window to watch
Strange her husband's coming, and
largely, dark now, and still she pressed
"The cheek to the casement and
time into the shadows with her clear,
pos eyes.
was very beautiful and very young
for the wedding ring upon her hand
ou would have called her a girl, and have
believed her to be waiting for a lover's
— not a husband's coming. Yet she had
married three long years, and he, to
hom she had given all her heart when
he stood beside him at the altar, already
neglected her, and left her to watch even-
ing after evening, night after night, for
the turdy footstep which, in the old days
of courtship, and been the very echo of
her own.

Something akin to regret was in her heart to night as she remembered, as only a neglected wife can, the love and tender-ness of those past hours. How he used to gaze into her eyes, and sing to her, and bring her flowers and books and music!

Why had he changed? Was it her fault? The tears would come to the blue eyes now, and she was wiping them away when the light of a lamp fell upon the ceiling through the half-open door, and another moment a tall, broad-shouldered woman, a servant evidently, entered the room.

"In the dark again," she muttered, "and crying, too. It's a shame—that's what it is —a downright shame! Such a pretty young writter, and he used to make an idol of her." And then, setting down the lamp, she added, aloud, "Come, ma'am, and dine-ner. You know as well as I do that Mr. Powell won't be here for hours and hours, and it's wrong of you to injure your health in this way. Do come down."

The young wife arose, in obedience to the summons of the old servant—for Hepsiba had been her nurse when she was a little child, and was privileged person, and not without some influence—and fol-lowed the conductress to the dining-room, where the snowy cloth was spread with every tempting delicacy of the season, and where everything, from the oval mir-ror between the windows to the ample coal-scuttle standing near the fire, glit-tered like polished silver.

"It is not because his home is cheerless," she said, again; and the thought gave her a little comfort.

She sat down, and as she ate she listened to every sound in the street without. The wind was rising, and every now and then some area gate, or unfashtened shutter was flung to with a violent clang. But through all she soon heard a light, quick step upon the pavement.

"Ah, nurse, you were wrong," she said, with a bright smile. "Here he is."

Nurse shook her head and choked down the words she would have spoken. The time was three months, which she felt compelled to utter.

The door opened and a handsome, well-built man, with soft, brown whiskers and hair that had a golden gleam upon its darkness when it caught the light, came into the dining-room.

"I'm so sorry I did not wait for you, Harry," began his wife, "but nothing is ecli... I hope, and—"

"Oh, its all right. I'm glad you didn't wait," said the husband, in a careless, off-handed manner, which was peculiarly his own, and which had a singular charm about it. "Go on with your dinner, Rose, I'll help myself."

And so he did, eating with a hearty appe-tite, and talking, all the while, more mer-rily than he had done for a long time.

It was like old times, Rose thought, and her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks caught a soft glow in the firelight as she caught her husband looking at her tenderly and admiringly.

"She loves me still," she said to herself. "Oh, I am sure of it! Dear Harry! he loves me still."

And so, when they were in the parlor, alone together, she put her hand upon his arm, as he stood before the fire, and said to him softly: "Harry, you'll not be angry with me if I say something to you—some-thing which was in my heart as I sat wait-ing for you by that window an hour ago?"

"Angry with you, Rose!" he answered. "Oh no!"

And he passed his arm about his waist, and drew her closely to him.

"I thought," she went on, "I thought, Harry, while I sat there, of our old lovers' walks, and of the winter evenings we have spent together, when neither for a moment were weary of each other; and then—for I was lonely, and a little tired—I thought you did not love to be with me as you did then, and that you had grown tired of me, and I made up my mind to ask you if it was so, and, if it were, why? Oh, Harry! if there are any faults or failings in me that turn your heart from me, tell me of them, that I may mend them, and win it back again. If I unconsciously do aught to anger you, let me know it, and I will be all you wish from that very mo-ment; only, Harry, do not let me feel your heart estranged. Now, when I need your love so much, love me, Harry, love me as you did when I was a girl."

And the tears would be restrained no longer, but poured themselves out upon his bosom, for he held her closely there, and spoke in a passionate, remorseful way that almost frightened her. Part of what he said was so cold that she could not com-prehend it. But while she lived she always remembered these words.

"You are only too good and pure and in-nocent for me. If I do not seem to feel it as I should, it is my own sin and not your fault. Blame me, if you like, but never—never reproach yourself. Oh, my white rose! My spotless blossom! Why am I not worthier of you?"

Then he kissed her—kissed her on her eyes, and lips and forehead. And at that very moment there reposed at the bottom of Harry Powell's pocket a note written in a woman's hand, containing only these words: "I can meet you at your office at 12 o'clock to-night," and signed "Amanda."

Harry Powell was a hot-headed, impul-sive fellow, and had been from a boy, an ardent admirer of dashing, brilliant women. When he found himself in love with the mild, fair, gentle Rose Forest, he wondered how anything so quiet could have won it. Still he was in love and deep-ly. Being what he was, he would have married her if all she would had opposed their union. As it was, there were no ob-stacles in his way, for her heart was his; and the rivals who frowned upon him, and the maiden aunts who shook their heads, and called him a very wild young man, were disregarded, and so he took her from the old homestead, where she had been so tenderly cared for, to his own home, to be its life long mistress. At first he had only been a little thoughtless at times, and had dried every tear she had shed with kisses. For though champagne and cigars, and Tom, Dick and Harry had their old charms for him, he valued her above them all, and she knew it well.

Only a year before, the spell which had of late kept him from her side, had begun to distil its deadly poison, and claim him, body and soul. He was the confidential clerk of a wealthy establishment, and, as such, had at times heavy responsibilities upon his shoulders. Important papers and great sums of money were often his care, as he was trusted as few men are by their employers. There were right in re-posing their confidence in him thus im-plicitly; for, wild though he was, there was not one atom of the swindler in his composition. The keys of the great safes were always within his reach; and sometimes he was left alone to receive large payments, and to lock them up. There had been a time when rumors of a meditated robbery had reached the firm, and he had carried loaded pistols in his bosom night and day.

It was at that time, twelve months ago that he had first met with the woman who had written the note which now lay with-in his pocket. A beautiful woman he thought her; and strange it seemed to him at first that she should follow him with her eyes and seem to watch for him in the most unfrequented places. At last a per-fumed note came, and he read that she had invited him. It was a daring declaration—all the more astonishing because the writ-er professed herself to be a wealthy wo-man and a wife. It would have disgusted many men, but Harry Powell liked "queer" adventures, and had a penchant for daring women. So he met her, and in his pocket at the first interview pressed Rose was only second in his all the more astonishing because the writ-er professed herself to be a wealthy wo-man and a wife. It would have disgusted many men, but Harry Powell liked "queer" adventures, and had a penchant for daring women. So he met her, and in his pocket at the first interview pressed Rose was only second in his affections, while this mysterious woman haunt-ed his dreams by day and night. Thus far he had been unfaithful to his wife only in thought. But the siren who had bewitch-ed him was to meet him in his office at midnight!

There had been a moment when Rose wept upon his bosom, and he thought of all her purity and truth, in which Harry Powell had resolved to break his appoint-ment and forget his unholy love forever. But the mood passed; and, with the return of his old self, came a remembrance of those black eyes and red lips, those tender glances and bold profession of affection. Good, beautiful Rose grew tame in comparison, and, when the time-piece told the hour of 11, he started to his feet.

"Go to bed, Rose," he said, "I have a business appointment to-night that I had nearly forgotten. I will be back as soon as I can."

"A business appointment at this hour!" thought Rose in surprise.

But he was gone before she could put her thoughts into words; and, still full of her new-found happiness, she went up-stairs to her own white-curtained chamber. Harry had been up before her, and had changed his dress, leaving his every-day garments lying untidily about. As she picked them up a paper fluttered from his vest-pocket—a folded paper, perfumed with musk. She opened it with a strange sinking of the heart, and read her wicked rival's note.

She did not scream or tear her hair, as many would have done, but with a low moan she sat down upon the carpet, rock-ing herself to and fro. So this was the reason of his neglect—of his remorseful self-reproach to-night. A worthless woman, who could make such an appoint-ment—a creature below contempt or hate! The, true and pure as she was, was slighted for so foul a thing.

"I will confront them," she muttered. "I will see him once more, and never again in my life. I will show him how the crush-ed worm can turn. I will be a miserable dupe no longer."

And with these words, uttered in a harsh voice, which did not seem her own, and with a face so changed that no one would have recognized it, she donned her hood and cloak, and stole into the darkness of the night.

On she went toward the city, a slender figure bending beneath its weight of woe. She heeded nothing, and glided on until she stood opposite the window of her hus-band's office, and saw the gleam of lamp-light through an aperture in the closed shutters. Then Rose uttered one silent prayer for strength, tried the door, found it open and passed in.

In the meanwhile, Harry Powell had reached the rendezvous early, and had waited some moments before the figure of a cloaked and hooded woman came up the silent street, and stood beside him; she was veiled, so that he could not see her fea-tures, but he knew that she was fearful of discovery, and did not wonder that it should be so.

"I have been anxiously awaiting you," he whispered; and she answered, in a still lower tone, "I have been watched! Make haste in—I am frightened!"

And Harry led the way in and lit the gas. The woman seemed frightened still, for she crouched down upon a bale of goods, with her veil upon her face and her hand within her bosom.

"We are alone, now," said Harry in a gal-lant tone. "Let me see your face, my angel! You can not imagine how I long to meet those eyes!"

Something, which might have been either a sob or a laugh, came from beneath the woman's veil; she whispered again: "Are those shutters closed? See, will you?"

Harry turned to look at them. It was but a moment; but, in that brief space of time, he felt a heavy hand upon his throat, and saw a cloak and bonnet lying on the floor. A stalwart ruffian, with a pistol in his hand, stood over him, and he saw in a moment, that he had been duped.

"Ah!" muttered the coarse voice of the man—"ha! You wanted kisses and em-braces, did you? My 'Liza has played her part bravely! You've opened the door for us, and shall open the safe, and shall never live to tell it, either! So you thought 'Liza was in love with you, and was a rich lady, did you? Ha, ha, you poor fool!"

There was a desperate struggle now, but Harry was unarmed, and in a little while he lay prone on the floor, with the rut-fian's pistol at his breast. It was all over. He gave one little thought of his own folly—one remorseful one to Rose—and closed his eyes—closed them, to open them again in wild amazement, to see the rob-ber scrutinize with the flare of his own wife—his fair, slender Rose—standing over him with a bullet of wood in her hand. She had saved him. And in his penitence and shame he fell at her feet, as one might fall before a sacred shrine.

He never forgot it. He never betrayed the sweet forgiveness she accorded him in his humiliation; and though they are old people now, with grandchildren about them, she still watches for him in the twi-light, and never watches long

Emerson's Peculiarities.

Emerson had some strange tastes and some equally strange distastes in regard to poets. Usually his criticism was wonder-fully acute and accurate, compressing into a few significant words what other critics would fail to convey in an elaborate analy-sis. He darted, by a combination of in-sight and instinct, to the exact point in a poet's writings where the poetry in him was best embodied and expressed; and his reading of the passages which had most impressed him excelled that of the most accomplished professional elocutionist I ever listened to. But he never could en-dure Shelley, and declared that if the ob-jections of practical men to poetry rested on such poets as Shelley, he should cor-dially agree with them. He admitted, of course, the beauty of "The Skylark" and "The Cloud;" but as an apostle of hope and health and cheer, he could not pardon the note of lamentation which runs through Shelley's poetry, and thought that his gifts of imagination and melody, remarkable as they were, were no atonement for his un-manly wailing and sobbing over the ills of existence. A poet, he said, should invigor-ate, not depress, the soul. It was in vain to tell him that such ethereal powers of imagination and sentiment as Shelley possessed should be considered apart from the direction they happened to take, owing to the unfortunate circumstances of his life. No; he would discard such sick souls from his sympathy, as he would discard all sick bodies.—*Edwin P. Whipple.*

The Inside Outside.

He killed the noble Mudjokevis;
With the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside;
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside;
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

—*Puck.*

They Will Try.

"Do you intend to try housekeeping?" asked one traveling man of another, as they were discussing their plans. "O, yes, will try it. We've got the place and there are only fifteen or twenty payments due, and a couple of outside mortgages on it, and we shall nevertheless do our best to keep the house."—*Merchant Traveler.*

His Official Capacity.

"Now, in my official capacity—" began the president of a social club.

"I rise for information," interrupted a member.

"Proceed," said the president.

"The club would like to know just how much that capacity is—say in quarts."

The inquiry was ruled out of order.

A CHILDREN'S SYMPOSIUM.

Bright Fancies and Odd Sketches of the Little Ones.

A SLIDING SCALE.

Grandma said she thought three cents was enough to pay for little Williard's street car fare, and little Williard chimed in: "That's all we paid to-night, grandma." "How old are you, Williard?" asked a guest. "Five in the street cars, eight in the draw-ing room," was the prompt reply that set the table in a roar.

THE LINE DRAWN.

A 4-year-old boy who has been in the habit of repeating a formulated prayer every evening, surprised his parents the other night by saying: "O God, I wish you would make the trees walk." When re-monstrated with for his singular request, he replied: "You say God can do anything, and I want to see the trees walk, and I shan't pray for anything else until they do."

A PROMPT APPLICATION.

Bobby had been a pretty good little boy all day and his father was very much pleased.

"You will find, Bobby," said the old man, "that virtue is its own reward. I mean by that that every time you do what you ought to do you will feel good over it. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes," responded Bobby intelligently, "and now, pa, if you'll give me another piece of pie you'll feel good too."

LIMITED MEMORY.

"Bobby," said his mother, "I told you not to forget to bring up three scuttles of coal before you went to school, and you only brought up two." "I know, ma, but I for-got the third one. Three scuttles is a good many for a little boy like me to remember."—*Babyhood.*

THE COMING GREAT NOVELIST.

There is one young lady in Waterbury, Conn., who has all the making of a good metropolitan newspaper correspondent. She is only about eight years old now and has a chance to develop. The other day she went to her school teacher, crying bitterly, and said she must go home as her brother was dead.

"When did he die?" asked the teacher.

"Last night," stammered the child be-tween her tears. "He was only two years old. Last night he started to follow papa to the barn. When papa came in at 9 o'clock we asked where baby was and he said he hadn't seen him." Here the sobs drowned her words for awhile. Then the tot continued: "We went right out to search then, and this morning we found him in the woods with his legs almost eaten off."

Thoughts that Barnum's animals had come into the valley called the teacher's mind, and she was almost sickened as the child went on with the harrowing details. "What did you do?" she asked at length.

"Called the doctor, but it was no use; baby died."

The teacher then called the child's older sister from the adjoining school room; the child denied the story in toto. The teacher had previously detected a glowing imagi-nation in the tot, whom she now ordered to her seat.

THE FLOWERY WAY.

"Jenny," said a little girl's mother, "why don't you be good?"

"Yes, mamma, but it is hard to be good, and I can be bad without trying."

PROPOSED COMPROMISE.

A small-sized Hartford girl had been cor-rected by a mild punishment, and was asked if she would do as her parents wanted her in that manner.

"Yes," replied the penitent, "but you mus-n't ask me to do anything I don't want to do."

ANATOMICAL SYMPATHY.

Jessie's teacher gave her pupils a party, to which "little brother" was invited. He ate heartily of ice-cream and cake and was found reposing on the bench in the porch while the other children were at play in the yard. When asked why he didn't join them he exclaimed:

"Oh, I can't play; my pants choke me so!"—*Youths' Companion.*

BREEZES IN DREAMLAND.

Jimmie had been in the habit of getting under the table after each meal to play with Miss Tuby, who usually reposed there. She had used her claws rather lav-ishly on Jimmie's hands, and his father thought it about time to put a stop to that sort of thing. After dinner one day the baby seemed to be getting ready to slip un-der the table as usual, when papa observed: "You can't get down to play with kittie any more."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when, like a flash, Jimmie disappeared un-der the table. "Why, you naughty boy, didn't I tell you you could'nt do that?" said his father.

"Why, James didn't have anything to do with coming here! The wind blew James under," said the little saint.

THE EPIDEMIC OF MODESTY

Children say funny things. A little mite heard the grown folks discussing the re-cent action of Comstock in raiding an art gallery. Mama remarked that her copy of the Greek slave wasn't safe on the draw-ing room table. No one dreamed that the four-year-old Effie understood why till she tumbled in with a collection of old Christ-mas cards and insisted that her mother should put them away to keep them from that "Comstock man."

"What would Mr. Comstock want your cards for, child?" asked papa.

"Cos a' ain't no tockins on 'em 'ittle boys legs," said the intelligent child.

TROUBLE THAT TIME WILL CURE.

Master Louis, aged 5, came home from school the first day he was sent, looking very solemn.

"How did you like your school, Louis?" his mother asked.

"Didn't like it a bit."

"Why not?"

"Too much girls," with indignant empha-sis.

A HIDDEN STING.

A little 3-year-old went into a market, and, helping herself to a green pepper, tried to eat it. After she had failed the market-man asked her what the matter was with the fruit, and she replied, between sobs, "Vere was a bumble bee in it."

TAKING THE BENEFIT OF THE SITUATION.

The following is true as truth: Two little boys were busy playing when a quarrel arose over the possession of some toy, when one boy struck his companion as an expression of his displeasure. The mama of the first boy saw him, and calling him to her talked with him and said she should not punish him, but he must re-member it when he said his prayers. The mother soon forgot it, but when bedtime came and the usual prayer was ended the little fellow added: "God bless Robbie for striking Arthur."

A Sharp Boy.

A physician told a good joke on himself to an appreciative audience: "At my house," he said, "I make it a point to ask a blessing before each meal. There is a sharp, bright-eyed little fellow, a member of our family, who has just reached the age of 7. He takes particular note of everything that happens and often makes quaint remarks. Well, on the occasion to which I refer we sat down to supper, and, as usual, I said grace. My mind being very much engrossed with other thoughts I for-got that I had observed my religious cus-tom and repeated the invocation. Quick as the 'amen' had rolled from my lips the second time this bright hopeful of mine looked up and said: 'Ting a-ling-a-ling; chestnuts, papa.' It is unnecessary to add that I fully understood him."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Old Doctrine.

"How are you?" said one traveling man to another as they met in the street. "Seen Jenkins lately?"

"I'm sorry to say I haven't."

"Owe you money?"

"That's it. You?"

"Yes. It seems that he owes money to nearly everybody he knows. I can't under-stand it."

"I have a theory."

"What is it?"

"You know he recently received a govern-ment appointment?"

"Yes. What has that got to do with it?"

"He evidently believes in the doctrine that a public office is a public trust.—*Mer-chant Traveler.*

Cheering Up for Jacob.

Photographer—"If you and your estim-able wife could look a trifle less mournful I think the picture would be more satis-factory."

Deacon Hadden—"Young man, our son Jacob's in jail for hoss-stealin'. This pic-ter's for him. Let her go!"—*Judge.*

NEW YORK DUDE.

His Stylish Wardrobe.

He had three rooms, and the principal one, very much to my surprise, was used as a dressing-room. Mr. Bellamy sat in the middle of it, more or less enveloped in the bath-gowns, blankets, and rugs Along the wall on one side of the room were two long brass shelves. They were about the height of a man's head from the floor. On these shelves stood about twen-ty pairs of boots of every conceivable de-sign, from heavy-built alligator-skin win-ter brogans to the lightest dancing pumps. There were slippers of half-a-dozen dif-ferent shades, and beneath the lower shelf was an ebony stand piled half a foot high with over-gaters. They were white duck, massive, brown, moose-skin, blue, black, checked, and every other design known to the bootmaker. From the chandelier, in the middle of the room, there hung a huge and massive brass ring. It was about four feet in circumference, and was held in a horizontal position by brass chains from above. Over this ring were hung at least 200 neckties of various de-signs. It was a remarkable exhibit of neck-wear. The whole of the western side of the room was taken up by a wardrobe with glass doors—really an exact copy of a har-ness-case in the average stable. In it hung the harness of the man of fashion. Every coat and waist-coat was on its wire form, and in one corner was a series of presses that looked like young cider-mills or amateur cotton-gins. The machines consist of two polished and well-ribbed black walnut boards, forced to-gether and held in place by a screw and a lever. Between these boards were pressed some dozens of pairs of trousers. There were mirrors of all kinds around the room, a linen closet, an enormous chest of drawers, a rack for canes, and a sort of bow case for hats.

"What do you think of it?" asked Mr. Bellamy, radiantly, after he had exhibited all these details.

I told him it was the most completely furnished aparatment of the kind I had ever seen.

"And it's so lovely and big, you know," said Mr. Bellamy, genially. "I cawnt—I literally cawnt—dress anywhere else, now-adays, since I've got accustomed to it."—*Blakely Hall.*

How He Judges.

"How do you come to be such a good judge of human nature?" I said recently to one of the oldest and most successful de-tectives in the city. "By the observance of one simple rule," he replied. "I cling to my first impressions of a man, and govern my-self by them to the end. Perhaps I might add another rule, and it is this—if a man's personal appearance is to remind me, at first sight, of another man, I conclude that the resemblance extends to character, also. If you will adopt these two rules, and act on them a few years, you will be just as good a judge of men as I am. I remember that, twenty years ago, a rather ven-erable looking man called on me, said he was a farmer and asked me to subscribe a dollar to some benevo-lent object. I declined, and when he had had gone, got to thinking how much he re-minded me of a noted horse-thief at the East that we used to call Cheeky Joe. Well, about ten years afterward, I was looking for a stolen horse. I did a good deal of hun-ting on the case, and at last got on the trail of the thief. He dodged around from place to place, but I kept close up behind him all the time, and at last bagged him. When I looked him over I said to him: 'Why, I have seen you somewhere?' 'Very likely; I've been there,' he replied. 'Said I: "Ain't you a minister?" "No," said he, "I ain't no minister, I was workin' that racket, though, when you saw me last.' It was the very man whose resemblance to another horse-thief I had noticed ten years before."—*Chicago Journal.*

The Worth of His Money.

"How much yer charge ter go er mile?" an old negro asked of a street car conduc-tor. "I wanter go out ter see Brudder Lias Smif. He's er feeble ole' blood brudder, yet, understand, jes er brudder in de faith."

"Five cents."

"Jes fur er mile? I tell yer dat de man ain' mor sho nuff brudder—jes a brudder n de faith."

"The fare is five cents."

"Jes fur er mile?"

"Yes."

"How much is it fer two miles?"

"Just the same."

"Look yere, how fur yer take me fur fi' cents?"

"Five miles."

"What's de name of de place?"

"City limits."

"Take me all de way out dar fur fi' cents?"

"Yes."

"Won't take me no mo'n er mile wa'r Brudder Smif libs fur no less?"

"No."

"I ain't got no bizness out dar at yer lim-its, but yer may take me out dar an' I'll walk back ter w'ar Brudder Smif libs. Yere's yer money, sah, I see one o' dese pilitical 'conomists, and blebs in gittin' de full wuth o' mer money. It would be er mighty fool man dat would pay er dol ar fur a pa'r o' britches w'en he kin get er whole suit o' close fur de same price. Take me on out to yer limits, sah."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

Fashions in Note Paper.

The "broken glass" paper has oblong sheets that fold across once to fit large square envelopes.

A style that is liked by many is a plaid in pale pink and blue or in delicate shades of blue and green.

Boxes containing six sticks of sealing wax in one color, but in different shades, find many purchasers among ladies.

The "Great Scott" note paper comes in narrow sheets about 20 inches long and fold three times to fit into square enve-lopes.

Sometimes the coat-of-arms is in the left hand corner, and the address in the right, and in this case the coat-of-arms also orna-ments the envelope.

A popular style is to have the letters of the first name form a monogram, or the first name in small letters on a ribbon that crosses a monogram formed of the remain-ing initials.

The most popular ornamentation is the home address in the upper right hand cor-ner of the sheet, the envelope to be sealed with wax, and stamped with the writer's private seal.

A favorite style is the square sheet in "ruling," or Irish linen paper, that folds once down the middle and fits a long, nar-row envelope that is ornamented with an imitation of an antique coin in raised gold or silver.—*Philadelphia News.*

Why He Married Her.

"The most astonishing remark I ever heard at a marriage service was given me by an honest farmer at whose wedding I officiated only last week. The bride was an ugly and decrepit old woman, appar-ently double his age. When I guardedly expressed my surprise that a hale and stal-wart man should seek to unite his for-tunes with one who might almost have been his mother, the bridegroom drew me into a corner, and lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, said:

"Well, I'm kinder in love with Jersey cattle, and I've got a pretty fair herd. But I ain't got no cow that'll come up to the one ol dNance there owns. I did my best to buy that cow, for I'd a-g'n double what it was worth sooner'n marry the old woman. Fact is, though, I had to marry the old woman to git the cow!'"—*St. John (N. B.) Telegraph.*

Jay Gould Not Lending to Sage.

Mr. Sage, Jay Gould and Cyrus Field, when the trio were hand in glove together in booming Manhattan, were walking up Broadway one day, when Mr. Sage, in pass-ing by a candy-stand, behind which sat an old Irishwoman, concluded to invest in a stick of candy. He asked the price and found it was two cents. "But I only have one cent," said Mr. Sage.

"Oh, Mr. Gould will lend you a cent," answered the old woman.

"I never borrow at usury," returned the magnate.

"Well," said the woman, "I'll break the candy in half, Mr. Sage, and sell you one-half for a cent."

Thus the matter was arranged, and the man who could have bought the whole block on which he stood continued his walk up Broadway, munching his candy as he walked.—*N. Y. Press.*

The Unfailing Meter.

Oh, gas may escape and gas may burst
And vanish in dose and flame,
But the meter's hand, in its quiet way,
Goes traveling onward day by day
And goes there just the same.

—*Omaha World.*

Our New Serial Story,

HARRY LANAHAN.

A STORY OF THE MINES.

BY MARY HARTWELL.

I

OLD TILBURY DAVIDSON'S DAUGHTER.

A young woman sat alone sewing in a small house on Scatfield Heights. Though she did not lift her eyes to look, she knew that the setting sun was glittering on the spires of Scatfield far down the western valley, while above her the rocky recesses and massed pines of the mountain were settling into shadow. She knew that miners would be leaving their work soon, and miners' wives in the many huts scattered close around the coal pits, would soon be raising the incense of smoking pork fat from their kitchen altars; that is to say, such miners' wives as happily had even pork-fat to cook. Darkness would present-ly settle down and cover impartially both the citizens of the plain and the wretched dwellers of the heights. So she sewed swiftly, intent on finishing her work before the light waned; bending dark, mild eyes over her needle.

She had softly rounded outlines and a fresh color, and whatever her experiences, she had not lived many years in the world; for a rude little sampler pinned to the wall just above her head, bore this childishly-fashioned legend:

Jane DAviDson born jun
The 6 1855 her SampleR.

It was further ornamented by a worsted house, the alphabet, and various extraor-dinary figures of animals, and was the only adornment of the log walls, excepting a cluster of pressed autumn leaves.

The girl was only a miner's daughter, and had never known any other dwelling place than this hewed-wood hut, comprising the room where she sat—in one corner of which was her father's bed—and a loft overhead which she made her own bower. Her mother was dead. Since Jane's twelfth year, her nimble little hands had kept this house in order, and had made a better home for her father, Old Tilbury Davidson, than any other miner on the hill could boast. She was very active and helpful, and finding domestic work light, for several years she had sewed for the shops in Scat-field, walking down to the city once a week to carry her bundle of finished work, and to bring home another. Thus she obtained a little revenue of her own, and it was now the only support of her father and herself. For year by year trouble grew in the mines. Laborers crowded there, and the demand for labor grew less. Strikes became fre-quent, but an overstocked market is al-ways at the mercy of the buyer. Those who would work cheapest were led into the mines; the miners stood about, guant and fierce, burning with helpless re-sentment, and only wanting a strong breath to blow them up to flaming fury. An ignor-ant man has generally an eloquent heart, and whoever professes to translate his heart into talk can lead him.

In the mining neighborhood there were destitute huts, starving men and women—seeing only that their children suffered, while the fair town of Scatfield sat lapped in luxury, and looked below, shook their bony fists over it, and cursed the rich who trod upon and forgot the poor. Jane Davidson's father was one of the strikers, but her needle still supported them, and everything she could spare she gave freely to them about her.

A fruitful summer had just passed, dur-ing which the miners' half-naked children rolled in the glinting coal-dust of their one narrow street, or strayed up the steeps to fill their otherwise lightly-supplied stomachs with wild berries; during which skinny wives mended their old garments, and hoped with sickly hopes that the fall and winter would bring about a change; during which violent "strikers" denounced oppression in general, and employed miners and the director of the mines in particular. But autumn froste were on the ground, the child-ren's cry, the women's hopes, and in no wise cooling the men's fanatism, yet no change appeared, and winter, famine and disease were coming down upon them. Society, therefore, assumed frightful and unnatural attitudes. Riots and deeds of violence became frequent, and Jane trem-bled as she heard steps tramping past her door, lest the tramping should quicken to rushing and the air ring with a bawl. But the door opened, and Old Tilbury Davidson came in. The girl rose and stir-red the fire up.

"I'll have supper ready directly, father," she said.

The old man uttered a grunt to signify that he heard her, and sat down by the stove, resting his crossed arms on his knees. He was a short, gross-looking man, with his head in a huge bush of hair and beard, through which his red eyes glared un-pleasantly. His face and hands were puffy, and his worn yellow breeches seemed to be some eccentric kind of jelly-receptacle which he had been cast. He wore the flan-nel blouse of a laborer, and an old black wool hat, which he did not feel it necessary to remove in the presence of his daughter.

Old Tilbury Davidson seemed so unusu-ally sullen that his daughter forbore chat-tering to him as she spread her little table, and set upon it such fare as her resources commanded. When the meal was ready, he sat down and swallowed it, gulping sav-agely, and gathering his shaggy brows until he resembled some caged beast, whose wild instincts were reviving. Yet Jane Da-vidson loved this rough father, separating his coarseness from his fatherhood, and if there was good in him, that good was his pride in his daughter.

"Shall I light your pipe, father?" she in-quired, as he pushed back from the table.

No. He was going down the road.

"I s'pose things are about as usual round the mines?" hazarded Jane.

Yes, they was about as usual.

"I ran into Mrs. Millick's to-day," contin-ued Jane, "her baby is very bad; I don't think it can live. I wish Jim Millick would stir about and try to earn something for his family, needing as they do, instead of talking to the men all the time."

Old Tilbury Davidson shot a savage look at his daughter, and shook his head like a surly bison.

"You don't know what you're talkin' about," he said hoarsely, lifting the wooden latch of his door by its low string. "Women never does. Women never knows what they's talkin' about; but they gabble and gabble and gabble," muttered Old Tilbury Lavidson, starting forth with a rolling gait, "just the same's if they did know what they's talkin' about, and they don't all the time!"

II

A MIDNIGHT CONSPIRACY.

Jane awoke in the dark. She had been dreaming confused dreams of flying through the air, and changing her identity with various horrible beings; and through all her dreams ran a chain of whispers which an-noyed her car unceasingly. She rubbed her eyes and saw the square of starlight which her garret window gave, and won-dered what it was! where she was! and whom she herself was! But on waking we slip almost instantly back into the sockets from which dream-life pulls us; and Jane, feeling her bare, soft arms, and recognizing through the darkness the fa-miliar objects in her room, knew that she had merely roused from deep sleep and had nothing to do but to turn over and rest again. The dark rafters were her cornice; her dresses hung on nails at the foot of her bed, and such pretty, simple ornaments as she had been able to gather, half revealed themselves to her. Her eyelids dropped contentedly, but glared wide the next instant. What was that? She raised herself on one elbow, looking fearfully at the gap in her floor, made by the stairway. Nothing stirred therein. She listened intensely; a low hissing grew more and more distinct to her ear. Were there ruffians outside try-ing to break into her father's poor hut? She recalled deeds of unjust violence which had lately been committed against men as harmless to the community as she believed her father; and her blood chilled at the thought of what might happen to him. Creeping very softly from her bed, she looked warily through the open square in the gable end. Nothing but dark sullen mountains, a ground glistening with frost, and chill clear light overhead, were to be seen. No foot stirred in the miner's ham-let; no shadow lurked at corners. The night wind chilled her neck; she drew back and sat down on the floor, listening with the acuteness of a detective. A foot moved on the floor below. She laid her ear to a board, and in an instant rose convinced that the whispers were in the room where her father slept. Who were they? Were they come to kill her father? Had some rough speech of his made dead enemies of men whose hard circumstances rendered merciless and revengeful? Her heart died within her and then darted up like a diver after a plunge. She had no weapons, but her father's unused mining tools hung in the stairway. She crept on hands and knees across the floor, expecting momenta-rily to hear a cry and struggle in the room below, and slid down the stairway with a silent swiftness which only strong self-control made possible to a well-devel-oped, bounding girl like Jane Davidson; pick and drill were grasped by her firm hands; she stooped to peer through the latch hole of the stair door, and the first face she saw in the very dim room was her father's! Puffy and excited, but appar-ently well pleased with the company of some half dozen men who pressed close around him, he was bending his head to confer with them; and from first one and then another of the group, rose the whis-pers which had wakened her. She knew all the men well; they were the worst characters among the "striking" miners, and men accused of perpetrating the late disturbances.

There was Jim Millick, hairy and wordy, who appeared to be the stem to which the others hung; there was Stuttering Sam, one of Nature's unfortunates, made all mouth and protruding teeth, with no brains to balance this facial development. He sat on the little chest in which Jane kept her sewing, and which also accommo-dated One-eyed Lewis, a dwarfed, savage miner, who, having lost one of the win-dows of his soul by an explosion in the mines, had lived in partial darkness many years. Geering, a lank man, whose face and manner of folding his arms suggested fancifully a death's head and cross-bones, had urged his chair close to Old Tilbury Davidson; and a little wiry being, shrouded in hair, like an ourang outang, pushed his muzzle into the group from the lower plane of the floor. Last of all in years, but first to Jane's startled eye, was young Bill Smith, red and fierce-eyed. Bill Smith, made so powerful and so finely proportioned, but who was so wicked at heart! who had come to ruin alone, and cursed and threatened her when she shrank from his suit; who marked her preference for Harry Lanahan (a fresh, jovial Irishman, who during the past year had been direc-tor of the mines,) and had promised her when he found an occasion, to bring her this favered lover's heart in a state which might be very pleasing to Herod's brother's wife, but was very terrifying to Jane Davidson!

What was her father doing among these men? She dared not think, but remained crouching at the door with her eye to the latch-hole.

"S—sh!" warned Tilbury Davidson, as if disturbed by her unseen presence, "don't wake the girl!"

The men keyed their murmurs lower, but from the current of hisses she gath-ered such words as—"last strike," "starvin' us," "greedy, rich hounds;" "that dog, Lanahan!"—

Jim Millick lifted his long hand and made a swift sibilant speech, to which the others nodded approval. They grew more ex-cited every minute. Stuttering Sam, with violent gestures, shook hisses right and left, as if his mouth were full of snakes! They crowded closer together, slapping each other with emphatic palms; and Geering lifted a glazed jug solemnly from the floor and passed it around the circle till every one had tasted, and every nod-ding head endorsed a mutual agreement. Then Jim Millick, after feeling in all his dirty, threadbare pockets, produced a knife and some paper, which he cut up into slips of various lengths. He rose softly, and bent over toward the stove-light; Jane could distinctly see, and saw that he was penciling rude and heavily-shaded drawings of a death's head and a coffin on the two largest slips.

This midnight court had evidently con-demned some individual, and were about to draw a death-lottery for executioners! Two or three whispered explanations passed among them. Jim Millick then put the slips into a hat, and each man silently drew, averted his face, and examined his slip. There was perfect silence among them. They rose up and left the cabin, one by one, each holding the door until the next man reached it, lest it should squeak on its wooden hinges.

The girl crept back up stairs, putting the mining terms mechanically into place on her map. She had scarcely crept trembling into her bed, when her father opened the door of the stairway and listened. Hearing no sound, he closed it again, and lay down himself. Before long, Jane could hear his breath wrenching his mighty chest with gurgle and roar, but her wide and terrified eyes stared at the dark all the rest of the night.

III

SIS MILLICK.

Old Tilbury Davidson dared not meet his daughter's eye next morning; and as for Jane, she actually feared this father whom she had never before in anywise distrusted. She dared not tell him what she had wit-nessed and beg him to quit the gang with whom he was involved, and both felt re-lieved when he finished his surly breakfast and departed to mingling places unknown to her. She put her head down on the scantily-spread table and tried to think; she was confused and tearified. A few drunken men, meeting at midnight, pass-ing a jug from mouth to mouth and threat-ening their fancied enemies, might be mere subjects for amusement to people who did not know them, but Jane knew it well; she knew the actual wrongs of the

Recent Literature.

The many readers and admirers of Marion Manville will be pleased to learn that the Lippencott Co., of Philadelphia, have brought out a handsome little volume of her poems under title of "Over the Divide, and other Verses," which fully sustain the reputation this gifted young author of the West has attained in the ranks of poetic literature. The genius, which owes much to nature, manifests itself in variety, strength and genuine poetic beauty throughout the volume, whose style is always pure and elevated. Space forbids sufficient quotations to give an idea of the charms which the prosy-loving will find within its covers, and we quote only

"AN IMMORTELLE."

An immortelle of a tender thought,—
A thought, but never a word,—
I will send to you from my soul to night;
Are the lily's blossomings heard?
Is any pulse of the white day stirred
By the birth of a rose or the death of bird?
A thought,—the speech of the soul that lives;
Deep calleth deep, soul calleth soul,
Through the voiceless language of wave or sigh.
Does the rose breath speak as it passeth by?
As bees to the flower love's thoughts that fly.

In the hands of Joel Chandler Harris, the art of telling short stories has been developed will nigh to perfection, and his latest book, entitled "Free Joe, and Other Georgian Sketches," issued by the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, has a charm that appeals to every reader with much force.

From the same publisher comes "Memoirs and Portraits" by the well known author, Robert Louis Stevenson. In a note at the commencement of this volume of papers, the author recommends his readers to start from the beginning, rather than to dip into them at random, there being a certain thread of meaning binding them. The reader feels that he is going with Mr. Stevenson, through certain periods of his life, and the instruction conveyed will take deeper root by reason of the knowledge that the writer is relating his own personal experience and ideas. One feels well repaid for having read the book.

"Virginibus Puersque," is still another work from the pen of the same author, and publishing house. It is a collection of well-written essays. In the dedication of the book he states that he began to write the papers with a definite end, he was to state the beliefs of youth as opposed to the contentions of age. He clung hard to the entrancing age of 25; but time kept changing, and he shared in the change, and found to his dismay that with the best will no man can be forever 25. In his "Plea for Gas Lamps," there is a strong protest against the electric light, with the argument that it should only shine on murders and public crime, or along the corridors of lunatic asylums, a horror to heighten horror. That the "Gas Lamp" gives a warm domestic radiance fit to eat by.

Among the beautiful holiday books is one entitled "Ballads of Romance and History." The publishers, D. Lothrop Company, Boston, have excelled themselves in this handsomely-illustrated volume of twelve poems by well-known authors. Among the number are Susan Coolidge, Adeline D. T. Whitney, Sarah O. Jewett, Margaret Deland, Nora Perry, Celia Thaxter, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Margaret J. Preston, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Lucy Larcom, Kate Putnam Osgood, S. M. B. Piatt. The illustrations are by George Foster Barnes, Edmund H. Garrett, Hy Sandham, F. Childe Bassam, W. T. Taylor. The character of the volume, and the reputation of both authors and artists will make it one of the most desirable books of the season.

Paul Patoff by F. Marion Crawford, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. From a literary standpoint Paul Patoff is undoubtedly the strongest and most complete work of all Mr. Crawford's novels. The plot and incidents of the story are exciting-ly novel and interesting.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, have published a volume in the International Educational series, written by Frederick Froebel, entitled "The Education of Man." This book is the fifth in the series, which, edited by W. T. Harris, has met with success in its aim to provide works of a practical educational character in the broadest sense. It is translated from the German by W. N. Hailman, superintendent of Public Schools at Laporte, Ind.

Norman L. Munro, publisher, has issued a book entitled "Ten Days in a Madhouse," by Nelly Bly. A young woman reporter on the New York *World* has written a book which purports to be her experiences in an insane asylum, within which she allowed herself to be incarcerated for ten days that she might get the inside view of the peculiar workings of such an institution. The narrative is graphic, and, if strictly true, reveals a terrible state of things in New York's Blackwell's Island insane asylum.

"Zora," a love story of modern Egypt, by Elizabeth Balch, published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston. This is an exciting story, and will doubtless interest many readers.

"The Brook," delicately illustrated with colored engravings, has been issued by MacMillan & Co., New York.

Another work on the apparently inexaustible theme, the labor question is, "Wealth and Progress," by George Gunton, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"In the Old South and New" Hon. W. D. Kelley chronicles his beliefs and opinions concerning the industrial and social condition of the people of the Southern states, as gained in two journeys through that section in 1867 and 1887. The volume forms one of the regular issues in Putnam's Son's "Questions of the Day."

Capples & Hurd have just published "Letters from Colorado," a story in verse of a roving trip through Colorado; a second edition of "Nature in Scripture," which has been placed on the same plane as Mulford's "Republic of God;" and, "Old New England Days," a story of True Life.

In a volume of 148 pages, the Hon. W. D. Foulke, of Richmond, Ind., makes a pleasing study of the growth and tendencies of Russian civilization, under the title of "Slave or Savon." The well-worded history is forty-third in the series of "Questions of the Day," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The story of "Keedon Bluffs," by Charles Egbert Craddock, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is intended to interest both the juvenile and adult. The characters are not such as to excite any unusual interest, while somewhat interesting it lacks much of the many charms inspired by some of the authors former novels.

Six lectures by Rev. Chauncey Giles on "The True and the False Theory of Evolution" are printed together in a small book by W. H. Alden, Philadelphia. The subjects discussed are the origin and nature of life, the descent of man, heredity, environment, and degrees and correspondences.

"How Deacon Tubman and Parson Whitney Spent New Year's" is the title of a little volume of 200 pages by W. H. H. Murray, which comes from the Caledonia County Press, Burlington, Vt. In addition to the leading story, there are three others—"The Old Beggar's Dog," "The Ball" and "Who Was He;" all excelent, and not the less so because they have already appeared in print.

The Boston publishers, Little & Company, have issued a volume of delightful and humorous stories entitled "Five Hundred Dollars, and Other Stories of New England Life." They are full of quaintly humorous sayings and sketches of Massachusetts fishermen and country folk along the shore. Their wit and humor are depicted and described by a very careful and truthful observer and clever writer.

The Pencil Series, are some handsome little volumes, entitled "Glegy, Written in a Country Church-yard," by Thomas Gray, "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," and "On the Wing." The publishers are Castell Bros., London, and E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York.

Another beautifully illustrated Christmas book is "The Cross and the Grail," by Lucy Larcom, with selections from the poets, Shakespeare, Longfellow and Phœbe and Alice Cary. Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, Chicago.

A pleasingly written little work, entitled "Women and Men," by Thomas W. Higginson, published by Harper Bros., New York, is a series of papers discussing a great variety of questions of the home and of society.

Another of Harper's late publications is a new novel by James Payne, entitled "A Prince of the Blood." It is so cleverly written that although the incidents related could not possibly have happened, the readers interest is sustained to the end.

"Modern Ships of War," by Sir Edward J. Reed, M. P., and G. Simpson, rear admiral of the United States navy. Harper Brothers, New York, publisher's. This is a handsomely illustrated book, abounding in facts of value. The many readers of Harper's magazine will welcome this volume with delight, as some of the papers were published in that magazine.

Rondah; or, Thirty-three years in a Star, by Florence Carpenter Drerdonne, published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is one of the fanciful and mysterious class of novels recently made so popular by H. Rider Haggard.

Benjamin Franklin As a Man of Letters, by John Bach McMaster, is one of a series of papers entitled "American Men of Letters," and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is written in a conscientious manner.

Literary Notes.

The Great Hesper is to be dramatized.

Vernon Lee's *Juvenilia* has just made its appearance in French.

A Book of Poems by the help-mate of Josiah Allen, will be ready at an early date.

One of the new magazines gives an outline each month of one of the most famous novels.

Mrs. Margaret Deland, the author of the book of verses entitled "The Old Garden," is about to publish her first novel.

Harper & Brothers have published in their Franklin Square Library that most healthful and helpful of books, "Character," by Samuel Smiles.

D. Lothrop Company will publish shortly a volume entitled "The Indian Side of the Indian Question," by Rev. William Barrows.

Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" has just been translated into German, and is advertised in Europe as the great American success of the age.

Read the account of "Saltillo" in the January *Catholic World*, if you want a good laugh which shall leave no taste of bitterness in your mouth.

Mr. Ruskin in the last chapter of "Præterita" calls the late Dr. John Brown, of Edinburg, (the author of that pathetic sketch, "Rab and his Friends") the "best and truest friend of all my life."

A new aspirant for investigation of posthumous life beyond the gates is Mr. Harvey Newton, who has in press "Beyond," an account of the activities, conditions and characteristics of the world behind the sky.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has arranged to write a series of thirteen newspaper letters on social topics such as flirting, dress, women in business and friendship of men and women; for publication on the syndicate plan.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery for December gives its usual quota of good things, and something more in happy glimpses of holidays to which the little people are looking forward with great expectations.

The name of Miss Murfree's ("Charles Egbert Craddock") serial story, to be published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the coming year, will not be "Reaping the Whirlwind," as heretofore stated, but "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove."

The genius of that remarkable writer on natural history, Mr. Richard Jefferies, who, besides being a worthy successor of White, of Selborne, was also a clever story-teller, is soon to be celebrated by Mr. Walter Besant in "The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies."

In the January *Wide-Awake* Mrs. General Fremont, in writing a secret chapter of Admiral Farragut's life, makes an eloquent appeal to the American people and to Congress to take action to prevent the destruction of Farragut's flagship, the famous old Hartford, now out of commission and lying in the dock at San Francisco.

"The Way to Win" is a volume of good counsel and sound advice to the young, written by John T. Dale, and published by the Cosmopolitan Publishing Company. It treats upon topics which interest everybody, and promises to be one of the most successful subscription books of the year.

The poet Whittier has a ballad entitled "The Brown Dwarf of Rugen" in the forthcoming (January) number of *St. Nicholas*. E. H. Blashfield furnishes it with several illustrations. The eightieth anniversary of the poet's birth, about to be celebrated, lends interest to this, the longest poem he has given to the public in some years.

The authorship of the poem, "If I Should Die To-night," attributed to Mr. Beecher for years, has been traced to Miss Belle E. Smith, a former student and at present a teacher in Tabor college, at Tabor, Ia. It first appeared in the *Christian Union*, June 18, 1873.

Mr. H. E. Watts' news translation of "Don Quixote" will be distinguished by some novel features. Every word of the original will be translated, if possible, by a corresponding English word; if not possible, by an English equivalent or analogous word, with neither a slavish edherence to the letter nor a capricious preference for what may be thought to be the spirit. The commentary will be fuller than has been ever attempted in English.

John Ruskin's portrait is to be the frontispiece of the January *Century*. The magazine will have a frank estimate of Mr. Ruskin, as a critic and teacher, by one who has traveled and studied with him, Mr. W. J. Stillman, the well known art critic and correspondent.

Louisa A. Alcott, Grace Greenwood, T. De Witt Talmage, Will Carleton, Mrs. Lew Wallace, Wilkie Collins, Marion Harland, Simon Cameron, Fanny Davenport, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, and Robert J. Burdette are amoung those who will write for the newspapers papers during the new year under the management of Mr. William J. Bok, of 7 Murray street, New York.

Putnam's Sons are entitled to the thanks of book-lovers for their art-folio entitled "Land of Sleepy Hollow." In the fullest sense of the word it is a perfection edition, not only containing twenty exquisite full-page photogravures and ten smaller in the text, but reproducing the charming series of Darley etchings first published in 1849. The edition consists of 600 copies printed from type, size of folio 11x14 inches.

To dream of a ponderous whale,
Erect on the tip of his tail,
Is the sign of a storm.
(If the weather is warm),
Unless it should happen to fail,
Dreams don't amount to much, anyhow.
Some signs, however, are infallible. If you are constipated, with no appetite, tortured with sick headache and bilious symptoms, these signs indicate that you need Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They will cure you. All druggists.

Mephisto Made Him Blue.

They were playing the opera of Faust once at a theater, the proprietor of which was not much of a connoisseur of music. He ran his house to make money and give the public entertainment. One evening during the performance he went behind the scenes. He saw Mephisto, grand, gloomy and peculiar, posing sardonically at the back of the scene. He called the stage manager.

"What's the comedian doing at the back there? Does he want to make people sick? Why don't he go and make them laugh?"

"My dear sir, this is Gounod's 'Faust' we're playing."

"Pretty slow, this is, I want people to laugh. I don't pay fellows to do this kind of business."

"But this is a grand opera—a grand music—"

"You go down to the leader and tell him to write a topical song for that red devil. He gives me the blues."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

The Mystery Unveiled.

"My stars, man," exclaimed the traveler, who had stepped into the transfer office to look for a trunk that had been missing for two months, "but you do write fast! I never saw a steam engine get over ground so fast!" "Um," said the clerk, making the pencil and the tickets fly. "Can anybody read what you write?" "Nope." "Can you read it yourself?" "Nope." "What are you writing?" "Addresses for baggage t'be d'liered. Here, Sam! steen trunks 'n' 'ty v'lises—tyh hundn' ty four 'st t'nfy f'th street right 'way!" Traveler goes out without asking for his trunk, and when last seen was asking a man, from whom he had just bought a navy revolver, to show him how to load it.—*Burdette.*

Free! Free! Trial package for the instant relief and speedy cure of Asthma. Address Hottinger's Drug Store, Lincoln Park, Chicago.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

THE young society ladies of Washington have formed what are called "News Classes," meeting a certain number of afternoons in a week to read the news and discuss the topics of the day. They employ a teacher who searches out the papers containing the greatest amount of news and brings them to the classes, where they are read aloud and discussed by the teacher and young ladies, each giving her views upon the subject under consideration and adding her mite in the way of original ideas or bits of news collected outside of the class. Scandal and society gossip are strictly forbidden during class hours; anything aside from the topics of the day is tabooed and the object of the hour is to gain as much information as possible and in a way not to be forgotten, of the current events of the time. In this eventful age the doings of a day would make almost a history in itself, while to keep up with the events of weeks and months would give one a large amount of useful information. Probably a large number of the young ladies of this class have joined it because it is the "proper caper," not looking upon the intellectual side of the question; but even under these circumstances, the course could not fail to be of some benefit to them, as an ungiven or unappreciated intellectual persons, the duller mind is sure to gain something from the stronger intellect, even if it is done unconsciously, almost, it might be said, by breathing the same atmosphere. Since it has become the fashion to cultivate the brain, intellect combined with wealth and often without it, taking the lead in the society world, the majority of young ladies have taken up some study, while those who are making a business of studying the newspapers will get a vast amount of useful and varied knowledge which will all be exceedingly modern.

ONE of the latest "fads" among the New York society youths is to have engraved at the bottom of their stationary a small square, about the size of a postage stamp, in which they insert their own photograph instead of signing the name. The pictures, when finished and ready for use, are just the size of a postage stamp, and are ordered by the dozens and tens of dozens. Some of them have the eyes, cheeks, lips, and hair colored like the original, in which case they become very expensive. It is hard to determine to what extravagance vanity will carry itself, but it certainly seems a great piece of conceit, to deliberately paste one's likeness upon every letter or note written to acquaintances. This promiscuous giving of photographs is a bad idea at the best. Among dear friends and relatives the exchange is always a pleasure, but when it comes to scattering one's own pictures broadcast among mere acquaintances it becomes nothing more nor less than conceit. How can any one be sure what will become of a likeness, when in the possession of any but those to whom it is sacred. It is almost sure to be placed in a row with a dozen others, or "jumped" with the collection and carelessly tossed somewhere in a heap, subject to the inspection and remarks of any who care to gaze at it. Photographs are a reflection of one's own self, and it seems as if persons lose identity when their features are mixed up with a dozen others, not one of them able to say a word for themselves. Style or no style, the sending of a photograph instead of signing the name, shows a vast amount of self-conceit. Imagine the blow it would receive should the recipient of a missive chance to have forgotten the sender's name and appearance—a thing which is by no means an impossibility.

EVERYONE, not possessing it ought to try to cultivate a certain amount at least of tact. To know when to keep still or when to speak, at the same time saying just exactly the right thing is an accomplishment worth having. Any one may have the best of motives and still a want of tact may make an act of kindness seem a discourtesy. Taking for instance this case: a young lady on a street car seeing an elderly woman enter, immediately rose and offered her the place she was occupying, saying, "Take my seat; I can stand better than you," implying that the lady was so far advanced in years as to be infirm. Of course the offer was refused. No one likes to be reminded that they are considered old and though the young lady was possessed with the kindest motives, her want of tact made the act seem almost an impertinence.

NEVER say too much. Manners go a great way, and delicate matters managed with tact, can be carried with ease, the slightest blow to the sensitive feelings of the parties concerned. It is not tact to rush up to a person and say, "How ill you are looking!" Anyone who is not feeling well generally knows all about it, and does not like to be reminded of the fact. On the contrary, in meeting an friend who is looking particularly well or handsome, then is the time to speak. To be able to keep people in good humor and never rub them the wrong way shows a wonderful amount of tact but how many people there are who are always saying or doing the wrong thing. Two old school friends who had not seen each other for years met again a short time ago, and almost immediately after the first words of greeting had been exchanged, the one exclaimed to the other "Why, you look as if you had been crying for years; your face is so wrinkled." Now that remark, to say the least, was not tactful, and in a measure dispelled the old feeling of affection which had existed for so many years. People do not like to be told disagreeable facts. As the saying goes, "truth sometimes is brutal," but even when an unpleasant truth must be told to use a little tact in the telling of it will make the pill less deep. Say and do the pleasant thing in this world whenever it is possible, but if the disagreeables comes to the surface, handle them as gently as possible to spare the feelings of others.

THE type writer in its proper place is, as every one knows, among the most useful of the modern inventions. For business letters, lawyers' documents and manuscripts it is invaluable, but where it comes into use in friendly letters the idea of using a machine as a means of communication with ones friend's is not a pleasant one. To receive a letter printed upon the type writer always looks as if your correspondent was in such a hurry he had hardly time to think, much less to write. Any one with practice can use a type-writer and to sit down and run one's fingers over the keyboard and produce a letter is a work of a very few moments, providing the ideas come as fast as the fingers can fly. To be sure a letter is a letter, but a printed one does not seem to possess the individuality of a person as a written one does where we know the writer's hand has lingered over every inch of paper and formed each letter. Sentiments which in one's own hand writing seem charming and graceful, look and sound differently when they appear in plainevery day printing. One becomes prosaic and uninteresting, through the medium of a type writer. It is not so easy to print oneself out as we are, by a machine, as it is to write it, and then another thing—all people are not sure that everyone can read their handwriting, which gives a sense of security when regretting something written. All letters look alike produced upon a type-writer. A letter of condolence might be an order for some shirts, from all that could be told from the outward appearance.

Keep the type-writer for business purposes, and use pen and ink for friendly and "otherwise" letters. Then when we receive a printed document it will show on its face that it means business, while a written letter tells us there is a pleasure in store.

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction *at home* by mail in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

The Start Is the Victory.

So you want to borrow $500 to start on? "If you only had $500 capital, you have a chance now to establish a business that will go into thousands, and perhaps millions," eh? All that you need is the start, is it? Well, my son, I don't know about investing $500 in you until you have invested something in yourself. I want to see you trot one heat, anyhow, before I decide whether you are safe to back. Listen, my son; the man who can make a $500 business grow into thousands and perhaps millions, always gets the $500. Always. Here, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll give you a dollar. Now a man who can make a million out of $500, can easily make $500 out of one. Good by, my boy, good by. Don't work too hard if you don't want to get rich. And remember, son, the man who has to have another man's capital to start on, usually spends all his life working for the other man. Start yourself, my boy. It will be easy work if you are going down hill.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Asthma Can be Cured.
As a proof, a free trial bottle sent to anyone. Tabb Bros., Rochester, N. Y.

LOST AND RECOVERED.

Evolutions of City Life.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

When the train from Reading reached Philadelphia the other day a gentleman disembarked and hurried down Broad street to get some luncheon before taking a train for New York, where he lives. He is a literary man, and comparatively new to the workings of Eastern railways. He had walked two squares down the street, when he remembered that he had left a roll of manuscript in the Reading train. It was due at the publisher's that day, and the failure to take it to New York on the next train, which was soon to leave, meant disaster to the author. He rushed back to the depot. The Reading train was just ready to back out. The gates were closed, however, and one of those extremely calm uniformed officials who permeate the depot refused to let him go to the train, and referred him to the bureau of information. A young man with a blonde mustache and an air of more deliberation than any of the other officials was reading a railroad directory for the benefit of a tourist who wanted to go to Warren. The author, now frantic with anxiety, pushed the tourist aside and stated his desperate situation to the master of the bureau. The latter, with that slow and placid demeanor so exasperating to one who is in a hurry, said: "You'll have to wait till I get through with this gentleman."

Then he proceeded to tell the tourist the distance and fare to Warren and all about the trip. He seemed inclined to put in time by telling him about the scenery and the restaurants on the route. While he was imparting this detailed information the train backed out. The manuscript was gone and it was nearly time for the New York train to leave. The author fairly danced with rage. Finally the bureau of information cast his calm blue eyes on the author, and, more deliberate than ever, asked, "What can I do for you?"

The author gnashed his teeth and said that he presumed it was too late to do anything. Then he told the sad story of the missing bundle, which he said was probably a mile or two away by that time. "What kind of a package was it?" asked the serene young man.

The author described it and the young man reached into a cabinet over his head and produced the missing package neatly tied up and bearing a label showing the date and the hour that it was found and the number of the car and train where it was discovered. It showed that the bundle had been deposited with the bureau just two minutes after the author left it in the car. The bureau handed over the package, and then with more deliberation, which the author was then quite ready to forgive, he produced a book. In it was a description of the bundle with space left blank for the owner's signature. The author signed his name, walked aboard the train for New York, and told a fellow-traveler about the railroad's wonderfully prompt system with reference to disposing of lost articles. "One would have supposed that the train-men would have thrown the package out of the window. To all external appearances it was nothing but a roll of old newspapers," said the author.

"A railroad man soon learns that things are not always what they seem," said his listener.

"I was traveling once on an east-bound train over the Lake Shore road. A seedy-looking old man was aboard carrying an attenuated carpet bag of the old school—one of those long, wide affairs. The old man's clothes were older and less ornamented than the carpet bag. The train stopped at a little way station to allow a west-bound train to pass, and the old man got off to buy some cheese and crackers at a grocery near the depot. While he was making his purchase the train went off and with it his carpet sack. At the next station the conductor got a long telegram from the owner requesting him to look out for the carpet sack. The conductor told the brakeman to put the old fellow in the baggage. There was great fun among the train hands over that old bag, and they laughed all the harder, when, a few stations further on, another telegram came urging them to be careful of his treasure. The baggagemaster playfully kicked it over into the corner, and when the train reached Toledo the lineman carried it into the Island House and told the clerk to throw it under the office counter until the owner should call for it. The dapper clerk looked with contempt on the old bag and flung it aside. On the next train came the old man. The brakeman was talking with the clerk when he noticed the much-prized and called for his carpet bag. The clerk passed it out to him and smiled to see how eagerly he seized it. He produced a key and unlocked it. "What do you suppose it contained?" asked the narrator of the author.

"A paper collar and a pair of overalls, probably," answered the author.

"You're wrong. In it were $100,000 in government bonds," said the traveler.

SWEARING PARROTS.

Profanity Diminishes their Value.

That chattering genius of the bird tribe, vulgarly known as the poli-parrot, is creating something of a financial depression among fanciers, who find more customers than prarrots, but who are timid about holding their prizes at such prices as now prevail, for fear that a West India or South American fleet may at any moment overstock the market. "Sure enough, there's a boom in parrots," said a Ninth street dealer, "and we are getting the cash for the birds on hand, especially for Brazilian pets that can talk. The other day we sold a bird for $150, and we hold this one in the cage here, pointing to a fine specimen on a perch near by, at $125."

"These are unusual figures, then?"

"Oh, yes. We sell the $150 parrot partly on its merit and partly because it bore a strong resemblance to the recently deceased pet of an old lady on Spring Garden street, who was as fond of her bird as though it had been her daughter. But it was a bright parrot, could whistle like a flute, and knew half a dozen such tunes as 'Comin' Through the Rye,' 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Over the Fence Is Out,' and 'The Old Man's Drunk Again.' The latter tune is learned from its last mistress, along with sundry profane expressions, which cut down its value at least $50. A parrot that could spit out half a dozen tunes without a hitch, say 'Good-night' and 'Good-morning' at the proper times, and would not fight with the house cat, would in the present condition of the market fetch $250."

"Is the parrot market cornered?"

"Not yet. That was tried once, and a New York firm bought up all the chalk and parrots in the country quietly, at fair prices, and waited for a big raise. Just as the corner was about to succeed two vessels sailed into New York harbor with several hundred birds on board, and the pool was broken, the syndicate losing over $100,000 on the deal.

"But that was not so queer as the bad luck of a captain who brought over a hundred or more parrots in 1884. He left Rio about two months before the presidential election. The captain was cock-sure of Blaine's election, and thought that he would make a 'pot' by teaching the birds to say 'Hurrah for Blaine.' The sailors were busy during the entire voyage instructing the birds in this single sentence. When the vessel arrived Cleveland had been elected, and the parrots were a dead loss. The captain didn't get enough for them to pay first cost.

"What are the prevailing prices now?"

"Well, Cuban parrots sell for $5 to $15 and Brazilian parrots from $20 to $125. These are double the prices which have been prevailing. The result is due to a limited supply and a brisk demand. Parrots are great pets, and an old lady the other day bought an old parrot from us for $10 which we had about made up our minds to give away, just because the bird looked like one which she had owned for years, and which had just died."—*Philadelphia Record.*

About Pearls.

The Greeks and Romans used pearls in profusion, and Pliny says that pearls were Cæsar's chief inducement for his British expedition.

From a very early period pearls have ranked among gems and have been highly esteemed as ornaments. The book of Job refers to their great value, and frequent allusions are made to them in Scriptures.

The Spaniards who first visited the American continent found the natives decked with necklaces and bracelets of pearls, and Montezuma is described in his interview with Cortez as wearing garments adorned with these precious ornaments.

The industry of pearl-fishing has attained some prominence in America, notably in the streams of New Jersey, one pearl being found near Salem in 1858 more than an inch in diameter, which sold for more than $2,000, and extensive fisheries are nowin operation on the west coast of Central America.

As is well known the pearl is formed by the depositing in the interior of the shells of a slimy secretion. Grains of sand lodging between the animal and its shell produces an irritation of the animal tissues, which causes the depositing of the pearl matter around them for protection. Advantage of this is taken by many, and by the introduction of foreign bodies pearls of various shapes and sizes are made to grow. In this way the Chinese compel a species of mussel to produce pearls.

Asthma Can be Cured.
As a proof, a free trial bottle sent to anyone. Tabb Bros., Rochester, N. Y.

EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH.

Bill Nye Expresses Himself Upon Its Merits.

Denver Republican.

In fact, Mr. Edison has now perfected, or announces that he is on the road to the perfection of, a machine which I may be pardoned for calling a storage think-tank. This will enable a brainy man to sit at home and with an electric motor and perfected phonograph, he can think into a tin dipper, or funnel, which will, by the aid of electricity and a new style of foil, or fat metal, so that when any one says to me, "A penny for your thoughts," he can go to his valise and give him a piece of his mind. Thus the man who has such wild and beautiful thoughts in the night, and never can hold on to them long enough to turn on the gas and get his writing materials can set this thing by the head of his bed, and, when the poetic thought comes to him in the stilly night, he can think into a hopper and the genius of Franklin and Edson together will enable him to fire it back at his friends in the morning while they eat their pancakes and glucose syrup. He can have it sent by mail the sheet of tin-foil to absent friends, who may put it into their phonographs and utilize it. In this way the world may harness the gray matter of its best men, and it will be no uncommon thing to see a dozen brainy men tied up in a row in the back office of an intellectual syndicate dropping pregnant thoughts into a little electric coffee-mill for a couple of hours a day, after which they can put on their coats, draw their pay, and go home.

All this will reduce the quantity of exercise, both mental and physical. Two men with good brains could do the thinking for 60,000,000 of people and feel perfectly fresh and rested the next day. Take four men, we will say, two to do the day thinking and two more to go on deck at night, and see how much time the rest of the world would have to go a fishing. See how politics would become simplified. Conventions, primaries, barbecues and campaign bitterness and vituperation—all may be wiped out. A pair of political thinkers could furnish 10,000,000 people with logical conclusions enough to last them through the campaign and put an unbiased opinion into a man's house for less than he now pays for gas. Just before election you could go into your private study, throw in a large dose of campaign whisky, light a campaign cigar, fasten your buttonhole to the wall by an electric band, so that there would be a gentle pull on it, and turn the electricity on your mechanical thought-supply. It would save time and money, and the result would be the same as now. This would only be the beginning, of course, and after a while every qualified voter who did not feel like exerting himself so much could give his name and proxy to the Salaried Thinker employed by the National Think Retort and Supply Works. We talk a great deal about the union of Church and State, but that is not so dangerous after all as the mixture of politics and independent thought. Will the coming voter be an automatic, legless, hairless, mailusk with an abnormal ear constantly glued to the tube of a big tank full of symmetrical ideas furnished by a National bureau of brains in the employ of the party in power?

THINGS TO WEAR.

Stripes of watered ribbon, edged with rows of small beads, arranged in triplets on a tulle ground, is a new and effective material for evening dresses.

Hot spring diamonds, crystals which are discovered at the bottom of the hot spring wells in Alaska, when well cut and set in gold or silver, are little interior in brilliancy to the same diamonds.

Flowers are to be worn with dancing dresses. A pretty set for this purpose, a bouquet for the corsage, aigrette for the hair and trailing piece for the skirt, was of white hops with green leaves, tied with watered ribbon.

At a recent fashionable English wedding the bridesmaids were little girls, each one wearing a frock of white serge braided with dark red, red sashes and hose and a white felt hat braided to match the dress, with large red bows on one side.

There are a number of novelties in fans. Some are of grenadine, with many rows of narrow satin ribbon, or striped with silk or with net. Ribbed fans are the most fashionable, and some have as many as nineteen ribs. Pretty fans are composed entirely of loops of ribbon, and these sometimes have what are known as serpent ribs studded with silver.

A pretty set designed to wear with a skating costume consisted of a hat of dark sapphire blue velvet, in a long, low, toque shape, trimmed with blue fox fur and white wings, and a muff to match, which was slung around the neck by means of a band of fur, which was finished on the right shoulder with a bow of velvet.

Advices from abroad state that several recent French weddings the brides were attired in gowns of white cloth, principally the smooth, surfaced, glossy Venetian cloth. In one instance the bodice and square train was of cloth. A full plaiting of white braid edged the train, and a ruche of white velvet and a band of silver passementerie were laid around it. The front of the bodice and of the skirt was of silver embroidery on cloth.

FAN FASHIONS.

A fan of light blue crape has a painting of autumn leaves upon it and is mounted on gold sticks.

Another of pale pink lisse has hand-painted birds and an edging of lace. The carved sticks are inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

A fan of deep-red crepe de chine is covered with small red spangles. The dark red sticks are also studded with red spangles.

A very stylish fan is of transparent black gauze, and is almost a mass of iridescent spangles. The long black sticks are spangled to match.

A spray of delicate tea-roses is painted on a pale yellow lisse fan, which has an edging of yellow lace and feathers. Ivory sticks inlaid with gold.

Wild roses are painted on a white gauze fan, which is topped with a border of ostrich and marabout feathers. The white ivory sticks are in carved open-work.

A fan of very pale yellow transparent gauze is painted with rich purple pansies. The fan is edged with yellow lace and the yellow sticks are inlaid with gold.

Fans composed entirely of ostrich feathers are extremely popular, and come in the pale tints and in the natural colors. They are very large, and are, perhaps, of all fans the most becoming.—*New York World.*

The True Story.

According to the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, this is the true story of Baron Hirsch's splendid benefaction: Some days before the recent departure of the czar for Copenhagen, Baron Hirsch sent him a letter in which he offered the sum of $10,000,000 to found in Russia primary schools for the Jews, and $200,000 to be at the disposal of the czar for works of charity. The czar wrote a note on the letter and requested the Russian minister of the Interior to report verbally upon it on his return to Russia. The offer thus remained a dead letter for three months. On the return of the czar he heard the verbal report of his minister and signed the acceptance of the gift. Then $10,000,000 will be paid into the Bank of England, and Baron Rothschild and Baron de Worms, who are appointed trustees, and who will be replaced in case of death, will receive the interest of the sum so deposited. It is estimated that with the annual interest of about $500,000, it will be possible to open 1,000 schools, receiving 50,000 children. "Baron Hirsch has often been attacked. He has," says M. Blowitz, "been reproached with having acquired his fortune by playing on Ottoman ignorance, and with having constructed useless lines of railway. I can well believe that other colossal fortunes had an origin in no way more worthy of respect, but I know of no millionaire who has more nobly removed the inequality of fortune with which he has been reproached."

Flowers as National Symbols.

I think I am correct in saying that the larger proportion of those blossoms selected as national or political symbols have been taken from "the hardy brigade." Of such are the rose, thistle, shamrock and leek, the broom (planta genista), the white iris of France, the fleur-de-lis of France —the lilly alluded to by Chaucer. This last is supposed to have been the white or Madonna's lily, but in the north of Ireland the Orange lily is not party feeling. The violet of the Napoleon dynasty is even yet worn in France, and at Fontainebleau the apartments of the ex-Empress Josephine are redolent with an exquisite odor. In China and Japan the chrysanthemum has taken the place of honor as the national flower, but one of the latest and strongest of party badges is the "pale primrose" of Shakespeare, now the ensign of the "Primrose League," an order of Conservatives founded in honor of the late Lord Beaconsfield, who gave us the sweet picture of Lady Corisande's garden in Lothair. This league now numbers more than four hundred thousand members.—*Harper's Magazine.*

DO YOU WANT EMPLOYMENT?
THEN LOOK HERE!
A postal card to my address
Will bring you many blessings,
Will fill your life with happiness,
Will save you many cursings.
Agents, here is just what you want. Write for terms. Our new wholesale list just out. Address,
The Nonpariel Photo Copying Co.,
159 MAIN STREET, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The Camp Fire.

Pension Inequality.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Private Leavill, in the BLADE CAMP FIRE of December 8, complaining of the unjust discriminations between commissioned officers and privates. Well, I have often thought of this matter, and wondered why in our free Republic where all are supposed to be free and equal that such a great difference should exist. I will give a personal experience. I had two cousins that were colonels of volunteers and one a major, while I went into the ranks as a high private (about six feet) and held my own wonderfully to the end of the war, never losing grade, and finally being advanced from the rear to the front rank, whereupon I got a complimentary ball from the rebs. Now the facts I wished to state are these: At the time I went into the service, I was as well or better off in worldly goods than either of my cousins above mentioned, was as well educated as either, had more military experience than either, (having served as a volunteer in an Indian war) and I have the cheek to believe myself as well furnished mentally as either, and certainly made as great a sacrifice as either in leaving my family for the army, yet either of these young gentlemen was paid something like ten times as much as our good "Uncle" Sam passed over to me in depreciated currency, each month for my services, and now after the war is over, those officers, who had all the best things, pay, grub, honor, some of them, must forsooth have pensions in proportion to their rank. Is this republicanism? If it is, it looks to me very much like the republicanism of Russia. What is the difference between the military systems of the two countries? Why not revise our military laws so that they would more nearly conform to our free civil institutions. It could certainly be done with advantage to the service, especially in regard to volunteers.—E. CROCKETT, Marshall, Mo.

A Word from a Comrade.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I am not a subscriber to the BLADE, but a comrade next door to me takes it, and I have been looking over the CAMP FIRE for several weeks and it makes me think of old times, but I havn't heard from any of the boys who were in my company. I would like to hear from John Burns, Ed. Ribbins, Sol Martin and Sam Burns, if they are alive. Now comrades, I have noticed in some of your remarks to the CAMP FIRE in regard to voting. What I have to say in regard to that is just this: I went in the army a Democrat and bunked with a Republican, and a good boy he was too, but I came out of the army a Democrat and still am one. I voted for Grant and Lincoln. Hancock ran I voted for J. B. Weaver, and I wanted to see Weaver to get there. Now comrades, I am not a one-sided man. The best man I think should rule this nation, let him be Republican, Democrat, or Greenbacker, or what not, this is the man. Now comrades, if I say anything that will hurt the feelings of any of you, please pass it by as this is my first attempt, but reading the CAMP FIRE, I thought I would add a splinter.

Our regiment was only in two fights, while we were out, Spring Creek, and Pilleys Ferry, but

...ther groups of snow-
...everm of jagged and

...Pelham," or the Adventures of a Gentleman" in 1828. These volumes were followed ... "The Disowned" (1828), "Devereux" (18... "Paul Clifford" (1830), and Eugene Ara... (1832). The hero of the last named novel ... taught in the family of Bulwer's grandfath... and familiarity with his strange and tragic h... tory had given the young writer a great inter... therein. In 1831 he became editor of the *N... Monthly Magazine*, and the same year w... elected to Parliament, of which body he co... tinued a member nufil 1841. Though he s... fered much from ill-health, he continued for ... years to labor almost continuously with h... pen, writing not only numerous romances, b... magazine articles on almost every variety ... subjects. We have only space to mention ... few of his best known novels. In 1834 he pu... lished "The Last Days of Pompeii;" "Rie... the Last of the Tribunes" (1835), "Erne... Maltravers" (1837), "Rienzi" (1842), "... Last of the Barons" (1843), "The C... tons" (1850), "My Novel" (1851), "Wh... Will He Do With It?" (185... He also wrote a number of fine poems a... plays, two of which, "The Lady of Lyons" a... "Richelieu," rank among the great, success... dramas of English literature. In 1801 ... "Strange Story" was published, a novel dealing largely, like "Zanoni," with the supernatur... "The Coming Race," issued in 1871, was ... imaginative tale, dealing with the marvelo... possibilities opened to the human race by ... entific discovery. When he died, Bulwer ... two complete novels—"The Parisians" a... "Kenelm Chillingly"—and one partially w... ten, "Pausanias, the Spartan." All of the... were subsequently published. When Bul... came into possession of his mother's prope... in 1844, he assumed the name of Bul... Lytton. He was raised to the peerage as Bu... Lytton in 1866. He received a number ... literary distinctions, and was for a time a m... ber of the British Cabinet. He was married ... 1827 to Miss Rosina Wheeler, an Irish la... but the union was not a happy one, and ... parties were divorced some years later. Bar... Lytton died January 18, 1873. 3. Thon... Wibley instituted the first lodge of Odd Fell... in the United States; born in England 181... died 1861.

John Wesley.

Arthur Moffitt, Franklin:

Will you please give me a little informati... on the life of the Rev. John Wesley? I would l... to know what particular event happened to h... when he was six year old and how old he w... when he died.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, w... born in Epworth, England, June 17, 1703; a... mitted to Charterhouse School, London, ... eleven years of age; at the age of sixteen elect... to Christ Church college, Oxford, and becam... extraordinarily proficient in classical studie... he was promoted to be Fellow of Lincoln Co... lege, March 17, 1726, at the age of twent... three. He was then described by the colle... professors as a superior classical scholar, ... thoughtful and polished writer, and a skill... logician. Only eight months later he was chos... lecturer and moderator of the classes, before ... received the degree Master of Arts, to which ... high honor he was admitted in February, 172... Ordained deacon in the Church of Englan... 1725 and priest in that church in 1728. ... October 1735 he accompanied Gen. Oglethorp... as missionary chaplain to Georgia, where, afte... preaching two years and four months to t... colonists, he returned in 1738. Af... his return from Georgia he met Peter Bohle... a devoted Movarian preacher, in Londo... and after a conversation with him he becam... convinced that a much higher religious experi... ence was possible. This he earnestly sough... and May 24, 1738, while at a Moravian meet... ing in London and while listening to Luther... scripture comment, with reference to "justifica... tion by faith," he said that he felt his "heart strangely warmed," and dated his conversion ... from that moment. He organized the first Meth... dist society in Bristol in 1739. In his ministry ... lengthened to more than 50 years, he travele... about 4,500 miles every year, preaching fro... twice to four times every day, supervised ... his preachers and the erection of thousands ... chapels. His journeys, mostly on horseback ... until the feebleness of advanced age compell... him to use a carriage, were long, tedious, ... oft-times perilous, and were pursued in the sn... shine and storm, heat and rain ... summer, and the frost and snows ... winter. He usually rend... traveling, even when on horseback, and th... kept himself thoroughly acquainted with th... current literature of the times. He was alway... at work when awake, but never in a hurry. H... industry and activity never were, never can b... exceeded. During his life he preached mor... than 52,000 sermons. Eight days before hi... death he preached his last sermon at Leathe... head, near London. His physical nature gav... way, and he died on March 2, 1791, in the 88t... year of his age. His remains were interred i... the burial ground of City Road chapel. He le... no children. In 1757 he had married the widow ... of a deceased London merchant named Vazeill... It was an unfortunate marriage, as his wife di... not enter into sympathy with her husband... life. She objected to his absence from home t... preach, and after a few years they separate... and she died October 7, 1781.

Alaska.

J. G. B., Tolono, Ill.; S. M., Al, Ohio; Al... Harris, Bethany, W. Va.:

Please publish a brief history of the territo... of Alaska.

When Secretary Seward bought Alaska fro... Russia, he added to the United States a te... tory of much larger area than the states ... New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Iow... Michigan, Wisconsin and Missouri togeth... and nearly nine times larger than England a... Wales. The territory stretches out so far to ... the westward that Sitka, its capital, is on ... half way from New York city to the most west... ern Alaskan island. Many of the de... tails of the formation of Alaska read like ... quotations from fairy tales. It has a volcano ... 8,000 feet high. The Yukon river is at som... points from fifteen to twenty miles wide, its ... entire length is 2,000 miles, and it empties ... such a volume into the sea that the ocean is ... said to be fresh water for ten miles out. The ... temperature does at times fall as low as 5... degrees below zero, but as a rule it ... is mild, on account of a sort ... gulf stream known as the Japanese current. It ... was Peter the Great who set on foot the expedi... tion which finally discovered Alaska. It was in ... 1725 that the explorers set out to cross Siberia ... toward the east, and one of their leaders was ... Behring, a Dane, who had been long in the Russ... sian service. He did not find Alaska till ... seventeen years later, and died on one of the ... islands off the shore, which bears his name, and ... where his body now lies. Spain, England and ... France also sent out exploring expeditions and ... Russia established a trading company which ... sold the furs of the region. But in 1867 Secre... tary Seward effected a purchase of Alaska for ... the United States, which paid Russia $7,200,... 000, and a little more than two years ago it was ... organized as a civil and judicial district, of ... which A. P. Swineford is now governor. At ... present the chief industries are carried on by ... the fishery and seal fur companies. In 1880 ... the catch of salmon was 8,000 cases; in 1883, ... 36,000 cases, and in 1885, 65,000 cases, at ... about $3 a case. The magnitude of the fur ... operations may be seen from the fact that be... tween 1871 and 1883 about $5,000,000 was ... paid by the company to the United States gov... ernment as rent and tax. There are also mines ... of coal, lead, copper, silver and gold and a vast ... growth of fine spruce and cedar, which will ... some day prove of great value to the people of ... the United States. Lieut. Schwatka has twice ... been on expeditions to the great Northwestern ... Territory, and his more sending home reports of ... his discoveries, which are full of interest. It ... appears to be clear now that Secretary Seward ... acted wisely when he negotiated the purchase ... from Russia. The first glance ... at the capital of Alaska shows that it ... has been the sent of another government ... than our own. The official buildings construct... ed by the Russians are all far more imposing ... than anything our western towns of the north ... can boast. The castle is finely situated, and ... with the custom-house, barracks, and Greek ... church, form an exceedingly picturesque group ... —very striking and pleasing after the towns of ... shapeless, shaped like boxes, and mazes of the ... way. The Cuinooks are indeed a wonderful-... looking tribe of Indians to those who know the ... redmen on the plains. They all wear good coats ... and fashionable and strong boots. They earn ... plenty of money to buy store clothes, and the ... women are gay in red and yellow handkerchiefs ... as head gear, while their sacques are made of ... bright-colored cloth and ornamented with dozens ... of pearl buttons sewed on in patterns. One ... was decorated with the outline of a bear, which ... was probably the crest of her family. The wo... man here is of much importance in heredity, ... as a man is the family of his mother, and ... he it beaver, fish, or otter, and they are very ... careful about their totems. The next chief is ... always the oldest son of the present man's sis... ter sister. The Indians are fat, having always ... plenty to eat; they look strong and ... healthy, but there is a great deal ... of sickness among them, and many die ... of consumption and other diseases of inflammation. There is great need for a hospital at ... Sitka, and the white people there are all hoping ... that the government will do something in that ... direction. Spain did many handsome things ... for her colonies, but England was economical ... in that way, and we follow her example. The ... gold mines are taking a population to Alaska, ... before whom the Indians will rapidly disappear. ... The harbor and situation of Sitka are charming. ... The first is almost land-locked by more than ... twenty small islands. The last is a high, rolling ... plain encircled with foot-hills that disclose ... Europe the Aleutes. It was named ... the sun only. It is not known when the use ... began in England, as representations of such ar... were confined to women, and it was considered a ... mark of effeminacy for a man to use one. An ... English dictionary published in 1708 de... fines umbrellas as "a screen commonly used in the hand to keep off rain." Jonas Hanway is said to have been the first man to ... carry an umbrella through the streets of Lon... don in rainy weather, about 1750, and he was ... hooted at by small boys, and jeered at for his ... effeminacy in carrying. Even after the introduction ... of umbrellas into this country, in the latter ... part of the eighteenth century, it was thought ... very effeminate to carry one. The manufacture ... of umbrellas here was begun about 1800, and ... has since grown to be a very important industry, its product rivalling the best manufactures ... of foreign countries in this line. 2. Macaroon ... is a favorite kind of biscuit, made of the meal ... of sweet almonds, instead of wheaten or other ... flour. The most esteemed formula for making ... macaroons is either prepared almond-meal dry, ... or almonds blanched and pound into a paste, ... thoroughly incorporated with refined sugar in ... powder, and the whites of eggs.

Gretna-Green Marriages.

M. B., Ritzville, W. T.:

I would like to know what is meant by a gret... na-green marriage?

Gretna Green is a village in Dumfriesshire, ... Scotland, at a short distance from the English ... frontier, which was long notorious for irregular ... marriages. One of the most glaring abuses of ... the Fleet prison, in London, was the illegal per... formance of the marriage ceremony by clergy... men confined within its precincts for debt. They ... were declared illegal in 1754, by a marriage ... act, and runaway lovers repaired to Gretna to ... be married. So border and illegal marriages ... performed in another state, to avoid the laws ... of the state in which contracting parties re... side, are called Gretna Green marriages.

Robin Hood.

David L. Johnson, Perry, Ill.:

Will you favor me as much as to answer the ... following questions, and oblige: 1. Give the ... address of the book publishers who publish or ... sell "The Daring Deeds of the Blue and the ... Gray. 2. Give a brief history of Robin Hood. ... (Walter Scott calls Locksley.)

1. Addresses of firms are not given by the ... Bureau. Robin Hood is the hero of several ... old ballads and traditionary stories, which gen... erally represent him as an outlaw and a robber, ... but of a gallant and generous nature, haunting ... the forests of Sherwood forest, Nottinghamshire, and of Barnesdale forest, Yorkshire, in ... an early era of English history, which it has ... hitherto been customary to fix in the 12th century. The ballads of something like one of him is in the *Visions of Paris Ploughman*, a poem dating ... from between 1355 and 1365: "Rhymes of ... Robin Hood, and Randolph, Earl of Chester," ... are there alluded to. About 1489 Wynkyn de ... Worde printed a poem of considerable length, ... entitled *The Lytel Geste of Robyn Hood*, apparently a series of rude popular ballads, strung together, being probably ... a modification of the "rhymes" spoken of in ... Piers' Plowman. It is also certain that, in the ... early part of the 16th century, there was a ... wide-spread celebration of annual rustic sports ... and masqueradings, under the name of Robin ... Hood games, in which the deeds of the hero, ... and of his companions, Little John, Friar Tuck, ... etc., were represented. These even extended to ... Scotland, where the Reformers had some difficulty in putting them down. In the ballads and ... games alike, Robin was always exhibited as a ... valiant man out of suits with fortune, giving to ... the poor much of what he took from the rich, ... most skillful with the long bow and quarter-... staff, and almost unfailing victorious in person... al encounters with whatsoever opponent. In ... addition to these evidences of the existence of ... such a hero, we must remark that his grave has ... been pointed to in Kirklee's park, Yorkshire, ... marked by a flat stone on which was carved a ... flowery cross.

Miscellaneous.

D. I. J., Peory, Ill. The bureau cannot prin... the address of firms selling goods.

Any common school philosophy, under chro... matics, will give you the desired information.

E. M. B., Winona, Minn.:

See answer to L. Martin, Topeka, Kas., in ... BLADE of August 11.

A Subscriber, Tama, Iowa: You can get the ... desired information by addressing any state ... officer of your state.

L. Arms, Lapeer, Mich: Address your re... quest to the acting commissioner of the general ... land office Washington, D. C.

C. E. Shoup, Rimersburg, Pa.:

Please give the names and work of the Presi... dent's cabinet at the present time?

See answer to C. I. O., Moscow, I. T., in ... BLADE of April 28.

School Girl:

Please to answer School Girl through your ... columns What, and how many primary col... ors are there? Name what colors to put to... gether to form other colors.

Eli Carver:

If it would not be too much trouble please ... state how long I have been a subscriber of your ... paper.

We have no means of telling.

O. W. H., Northboro Iowa:

1. Was Robert Lincoln a soldier, and what ... office did he hold? 2. How old is he?

In the BLADE of Sept. 15 you will find a bi... ography and cut of Robert T. Lincoln.

Queena, Montgomery City, Mo.:

Can you give me the address of Mrs. Mary J. ... Holmes, the great authoress? Please answer ... through the "Queries" of your paper.

No addresses are given in these columns.

A Subscriber, Ashville, O.:

Please give the man's name, and a sketch of ... the circumstance, that brought about the ... assassination of President Jackson.

President Jackson was not assassinated.

Miss C. A. M., Nebraska City, Neb.:

Will the editor be so kind as to tell me what ... the capitals of West Virginia and Louisiana? ... There has been a dispute in our school.

The capital of Louisiana is Baton Rouge; of ... West Virginia, since 1885, Charleston.

A Subscriber, Frezzlesburg, Md.:

Please give me a receipe for mending glass... ware.

A good cement for china and glass—To one ... pint of milk add on pint of vinegar; seperate ... the curds from the whey, and mix the whey ... with the whites of five eggs; beat it well to... gether, stirring into it a sufficient quantity of ... quick lime to convert it into a thick paste.

A. E. Raitt, Ocoya, Ill.

1. Was Gen. Grant in the battle of Gettys... burgh? 2. Give a short history of Fitz John ... Porter. 1. No. 2. Fitz John Porter, General ... U. S. A., has served in the Mexican war, 1845-47, ... as chief of staff with Generals Banks and Pat... terson. May to August, 1861; commanded a ... division in the Army of the Potomac and was ... director of the siege of Yorktown, besides per... forming many other important services. Born ... in 1822.

K. M. Barbour, Rome, Kas.:

1. How are national banks started. Explain ... fully? 2. Do you think it practicable for the ... government to own or control and operate our ... railroads as it does the postal system? 3. Has ... anyone ever been to the North Pole?

1. See answer to L. Martin, Topeka, Kas., in ... Weekly BLADE of August 11. 2. The matter ... of government control of railroads and tele... graph is one of the subjects of great interest. ... There seems no good reason why such a state ... of affairs should not exist. 3. No.

A Reader, Dawson, Pa.:

1. Locate and describe the White Sulphur ... Springs of Virginia, and tell their medicinal ... properties.

The White Sulphur Springs is a watering ... place in West Virginia, on Howard's Creek. ... The spring is the lowest part of a beautiful val... ley; it is 2,000 feet above the tide-water, yields ... 30 gallons of water per minute at 62 degrees ... Fahrenheit, impregnated with sulphur of lime, ... soda, magnesia, carbonate of lime, chlorides of ... calcium and sodium, iron iodine, sulphur, car... bonic acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, oxygen, nitro... gen.

J. F. L., Whiting, Kan.:

1. What Nebraska states cast their electoral ... vote for Cleveland? 2. If a majority of the ... Supreme court held the view that Lamar does ... on the question of states rights, how could it ... effect, injuriously, the interests of the country? ... 3. What is the price of the pictures of Grant, ... Logan and Talmage, and what are the sizes of ... the same?

1. See answer to J. M. Gray, Loup City, Neb., ... in BLADE of October 13. 2. Secretary Lamar ... claims he does not hold to those views now. 3. ... See Publishers column on the fifth page each ... week.

Grant Arnold, Manhattan, Kan.:

Can you furnish a story that was going ... through the papers some years ago? The story ... was about a man who carried a deck of cards to ... church and was severely scored for it, and when he was ... brought before the judge he stated that the deck ... of cards was his Bible, his almanac, etc., and he ... went on proving it, and after giving his proof ... the judge acquitted him. If you can repeat this ... or send me an old copy containing it, or can ... give me any information in regard to it, I will ... be very much obliged.

The story is one 50 years old, and has been ... published in the BLADE. We do not know ... where you could find it.

J. J. and G. J., Rockport.

Please tell readers all you can about the cere... mony of burning the ancient yule log.

Yule was the old name for Christmas. It ... would be useless to attempt the annual festival held by the northern nations at the winter ... solstice as a part of their system of sun or na... tive worship. In the Edda, the sun is styled ... *fagrhiol*, (fair or shining wheel); and a remnant ... of his worship under the image of a fire-wheel, ... survived in Europe as late at least as 1823. ... The inhabitants of the village of Konz, on the ... Moselle, were in the habit, on St. John's Eve, ... of taking a great wheel wrapped in straw to ... the top of a neighboring eminence, and making ... it roll down the hill, blazing all the way; if it ... reached the Moselle before being extinct, a good ... vintage was anticipated.

Simms, St. Charles, Mo.:

Can you give a description of the sensitive ... plant?

Sensative plant is a name commonly given to ... certain species of mimosa on account of the pe... culiar phenomenon of irritability which their ... leaves exhibit in their collapse when touched ... or shaken. Numerous species of mimosa pos... sess this property and most of the species in a ... greater or less degree; but those which are ... most conspicuous are humble herbaceous or ... half-shrubby plants. They have leaves beauti... fully divided with a great number of small ... leaflets. On repeated rough touching, the leaf... lets close together, and all the pinae scrid ... down, and at last the leaf-stalk itself sinks ... down, and the whole hangs as if withered. After ... a short time the leaf-stalk rises, and the leaflets ... expand again.

C. A. R., Palmyra, Ill.

1. Please give a recipe for mending rubber ... goods. 2. Who is Whitelaw Reid? 3. Please ... tell me the difference between dynamite and ... gunpowder.

1. A rubber cement that is represented as be... ing economical and excellent, is made by cut... ting a quantity of pure India-rubber, in its nat... ural state, into small pieces, putting them in a ... wide-mouthed bottle, and filling it about half ... full of pure benzine; the rubber will swell up al... most immediately, and, if well shaken, will, in ... a few days, assume the consistency of honey. ... If this rubber does not dissolve, add more ben... zine. If, when dissolved the cement is too thin ... add more gum. A piece of rubber an inch in ... diameter will make a pint of cement. 2. He is ... editor of the New York Tribune. 3. Dynamite ... is many times more powerful than gunpowder

—When all so-called remedies fail. Dr. ... Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

Brilliant!

That was a brilliant suggestion of a cor... respondent that boiling is a sure preven... tive of ice infection. What a happy thought! And so strange that nobody ever ... thought of it before! Boil your ice. How ... simple the suggestion! Just how you are ... to make the ice contribute to its original ... purpose after boiling it, is somewhat dif... ficult to see. But never mind a little matter ... like that; first boil your ice, then you ... are safe from the ravages of hidden dis... eases.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

Cuticura
A POSITIVE CURE
for every form of
Skin and Blood
Disease
from
PIMPLES to SCROFULA

SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INstantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a real Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This, repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, Blackheads, Skin Blemishes and Baby Humors, use CUTICURA SOAP.

A ROYAL SAVAGE.

King of Tonga at His Toilet.

London Globe.

We called at Tongatuba, the principal island of the Friendly, or Tongan group, and, learning that the king was then in residence, determined to pay our respects to the celebrated old man, of whom we had heard so many and such strange stories. His house, we found, was a very nice-looking two-storied wooden building, close to the sea, and stood in a good-sized compound, fenced in on all sides. Passing through a handsome pair of castiron gates, we arrived at the mansion itself, the veranda of which appeared to be used as a coach house, for there was proudly and snugly stored away the royal buggy; rather an anomalous sight for a palace and a strange position for an equipage of state.

There were no signs of life about the place, and failing to wake any one by repeated knocks at the front door we decided to circumnavigate the establishment, and did so, finding it chill and lifeless everywhere till we came to a row of cool houses, and upon a curious sight. There, in the veranda of one of them, squatted an ancient and dusky person, with only a scant cloth fastened about his waist, and bending his head obediently before an old woman who was litterally plastering it with lime. As soon as the curious pair became aware of our presence, the process in operation was arrested, and perceiving us, we were about to address them to explain our presence and ask a few questions, when the gentleman of the limy head roared out something in a truly terrible voice, and at the same time a fine young Tongan, very oily and three-quarters nude, came rushing out from the interior toward us. With much politeness and evident agitation he conducted us away from the veranda and back to the big house, where in broken English, backed up by much gesticulation, he revealed to us the appalling fact that we had trespassed upon the privacy of no less a person than his majesty the king.

Having humbly apologized for our innocent intrusion and received a reassuring answer, we were ushered through the window into a sort of drawing-room, a well-furnished apartment, with a number of red velvet chairs set around a long mahogany table—one chair a little higher than the rest, acting, no doubt, as a throne. Here we waited for about half an hour, when his majesty entered, accompanied by an interpreter, and was graciously pleased to accord us a formal interview. He shook hands very pleasantly with our party, and we all sat down on the red velvet chairs, the interpreter squatting on the floor between.

The king seen at closer quarters, was really a noble specimen of a semi-savage, standing quite six feet four inches, of wonderfully well proportioned and athletic build, upright as a dart, and moving grandly in spite of his advanced age.

MAKE NO MISTAKE.—If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. For all affections arising from impure blood or low state of the system it is unequaled. Be sure to get Hood's.

DRY-COLD AIR.

How it is in the Northwest.

"Yes," remarked the St. Paul man to a friend from Chicago as he stood arrayed in his blanket-suit and adjusted a couple of buckskin chest-protectors; "yes, there is something about the air in the northwestern climate which causes a person not to notice the cold. Its extreme dryness," he continued, as he drew on a couple of extra woolen socks, a pair of Scandinavian sheepskin boots, and some Alaska overshoes—"its extreme dryness makes a degree of cold, reckoned by the mercury, which would be unbearable in other latitudes, simply exhilarating here. I have suffered more with the cold in Michigan, for instance," he added, as he drew on a pair of goat-skin leggings, and justed a double fur cap, and tied on some Esquimaux cat-muffs—"in Michigan or Illinois, we will say, with the thermometer at zero or above than I have here with it at from 45 to 55 below. The dryness of our winter is certainly remarkable," he went on, as he wound a couple of rods of red woolen scarf about his neck, wrapped a dozen newspapers around his body, drew on a fall-cloth overcoat, a winter cloth overcoat, a light buffalo skin overcoat, and a heavy polar-bear-skin overcoat; "no, if you have never enjoyed our glorious Minnesota winter climate with its dry atmosphere, its bright sunshine, and invigorating ozone you would scarcely believe some things I could tell you about it. The air is so dry," he continued, as he adjusted his leather nose protector, drew on his reindeer-skin mittens, and carefully closed one eye-hole in the sealskin mask he drew down from his cap—"it is so dry that actually it seems next to impossible to feel the cold at all, and when he was brought before the judge he stated that the deck of cards was his Bible, his almanac, etc., and he went on proving it, and after giving his proof the judge acquitted him. If you can repeat this or send me an old copy containing it, or can give me any information in regard to it, I will be very much obliged.

The story is one 50 years old, and has been published in the BLADE. We do not know where you could find it.

J. J. and G. J., Rockport.

Please tell readers all you can about the ceremony of burning the ancient yule log.

Yule was the old name for Christmas. It would be useless to attempt the annual festival held by the northern nations at the winter solstice as a part of their system of sun or native worship. In the Edda, the sun is styled *fagrhiol*, (fair or shining wheel); and a remnant of his worship under the image of a fire-wheel, survived in Europe as late at least as 1823. The inhabitants of the village of Konz, on the Moselle, were in the habit, on St. John's Eve, of taking a great wheel wrapped in straw to the top of a neighboring eminence, and making it roll down the hill, blazing all the way; if it reached the Moselle before being extinct, a good vintage was anticipated.

Simms, St. Charles, Mo.:

Can you give a description of the sensitive plant?

Sensative plant is a name commonly given to certain species of mimosa on account of the peculiar phenomenon of irritability which their leaves exhibit in their collapse when touched or shaken. Numerous species of mimosa possess this property and most of the species in a greater or less degree; but those which are most conspicuous are humble herbaceous or half-shrubby plants. They have leaves beautifully divided with a great number of small leaflets. On repeated rough touching, the leaflets close together, and all the pinae scrid down, and at last the leaf-stalk itself sinks down, and the whole hangs as if withered. After a short time the leaf-stalk rises, and the leaflets expand again.

C. A. R., Palmyra, Ill.

1. Please give a recipe for mending rubber goods. 2. Who is Whitelaw Reid? 3. Please tell me the difference between dynamite and gunpowder.

1. A rubber cement that is represented as being economical and excellent, is made by cutting a quantity of pure India-rubber, in its natural state, into small pieces, putting them in a wide-mouthed bottle, and filling it about half full of pure benzine; the rubber will swell up almost immediately, and, if well shaken, will, in a few days, assume the consistency of honey. If this rubber does not dissolve, add more benzine. If, when dissolved the cement is too thin add more gum. A piece of rubber an inch in diameter will make a pint of cement. 2. He is editor of the New York Tribune. 3. Dynamite is many times more powerful than gunpowder

—When all so-called remedies fail. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

Brilliant!

That was a brilliant suggestion of a correspondent that boiling is a sure preventive of ice infection. What a happy thought! And so strange that nobody ever thought of it before! Boil your ice. How simple the suggestion! Just how you are to make the ice contribute to its original purpose after boiling it, is somewhat difficult to see. But never mind a little matter like that; first boil your ice, then you are safe from the ravages of hidden diseases.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

Cuticura
A POSITIVE CURE
for every form of
Skin and Blood
Disease
from
PIMPLES to SCROFULA

SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INstantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a real Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This, repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, Blackheads, Skin Blemishes and Baby Humors, use CUTICURA SOAP.

RELICTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

The Widows of Thirty-Eight Men who Fought for Independence.

Thirty-eight relicts of Revolutionary soldiers are drawing pensions at the present time on account of their husband's services in that historical struggle. The average age of the old ladies is about 85 years. Their husbands have long since passed over to the silent majority. It is very probable that the veterans married their wives when they themselves were well advanced in years, while the latter were comparatively young women. The list of these Revolutionary pensioners, with their ages and addresses, is as follows:

Name.	*Age.*	*Residence.*
Margaret T. Brooks	81	Howell's Cross Roads, G
Meridy Smith	82	Newman, Ga.
Lucinda Whitmonds	81	Marietta, Ga.
Sarah Dabney	87	Barry, Ill.
Ann Harlidson	94	Tuckahoe, Ville, Ill.
Fanny Chance	79	Winslow, Ind.
Nancy A. Green	89	Versailles, Ind.
Sarah Crutcher	87	Pitts Point, Ky.
Sally Hentis	82	Tatesville, Ky.
Susan Curtis	95	Topsonn, Me.
Lovey Aldrich	87	Leslie, Mich.
Olive C. Morton	76	Elva, Mich.
Betsey Wallingford	91	Jamesville, Minn.
Sally Mallory	86	Mardsville, Neb.
Jane Dunmere	86	Broadalbin, N. Y.
Asenath Turner	92	Manchester, N. Y.
Elizabeth Beaton	94	Valley Grove, W. Va.
Nancy Gragg	76	Collettville, N. C.
Mahala Hoagland	75	Charlotte, N. C.
Judah Harris	87	Rogers, N. C.
Nancy Weatherman	87	Limbrook, N. C.
Elizabeth Davis	84	Morganisville, Ohio.
Elizabeth Betz	84	Harrisburg, Pa.
Sarah Neal	88	Doreville, Pa.
Mary Brown	82	Knoxville, Tenn.
Nancy Jones	83	Knoxville, Tenn.
Nancy Rains	95	Carter's Furnace Tenn.
Nancy Robertson	84	Cates Cross Roads, Tenn
Maria Walker	92	Waco, Texas.
Eleanor Lowe	70	Sulphur Creek, Tenn.
Rebecca Mayo	74	Newbern, Tenn.
Mary Snead	71	Accomac Creek, Tenn.
Susan Tulloh	79	Mount Carmel, Va.
Esther S. Dunnon	73	Plymouth, Vt.
Lucy Morse	76	Barnard, Vt.
Patty Richardson	86	Bethel, Vt.
Nancy Bunton	84	Paris, Penn.
Mary Carey	79	Sunnyside, Ohio.

A Distinguished Clergymen's Testimony.

Rev. R. M. Pickens, President of the Methodist Protestant Church of South Carolina, writes from Greenville:

"About four years ago I was attacked with what the physicians pronounced neuralgic rheumatism, accompanied with erysipelas. My appetite failed me entirely, and I had an intermitting pulse and very irregular pulsations of the heart. A terrible pain soon came into my chest and shoulders, and I became so helpless that I could attend to no business at all. The pains were moyable, and would sometimes pass from one part of my body to another. Finally the erysipelas broke out on my left hand and arm, and produced much swelling. I was for eighteen months afflicted in this way, and of course used a great many kinds of medicines, but nothing gave me relief. Friends finally persuaded me to try Swift's Specific, which effected a decided improvement while taking the first bottle. I continued its use until I had taken about one dozen bottles, when I found myself sound and well again, with no sign of disease left except a stiffness in my hand, a result of the erysipelas. While taking the medicine I gained on an average two pounds of flesh per week. I believe S. S. S. a valuable medicine, and I frequently recommend it to my friends."

Write to the SWIFT SPECIFIC Co., Atlanta, Ga., for a Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free to anyone."

Origin of Words.

The Boston *Journal of Education* thus talks about some words:

Thorne means simply a stool. *Cooper* should be pronounced *Coo-per*, and not *Coo-per*. *Hypocrite* means simply an actor, one who clothes himself with other people's personality. *Tire* and *detective* are from the same Latin verb, *tueor*, to look; the Teutonic languages, the other through the Latin. *Temple* and *anatomy* have a common origin; so have *timber* and *domestic*, and *symposium* and *poison*. Ought we say *coo*-cumber, *cow*cumber, or *kow*-cumber? We suppose there is little doubt but that it should be pronounced *Q* cumber. Do we shut the door to or too? If we mean to advertise the sense of close, we might use *too*, as Dickens did, but it really means, "shut the door *to* something," and is a proposition. It is better, however, to use neither, and this rule holds in nearly all doubtful cases.

False Pretences.

Venders who by specious representations as to worthless articles for the teeth, induce the unsuspecting to use them fruitlessly or with positive injury to the enamel, should be punished. Buy SOZODONT only, escape their snares and beautify the teeth.

A Soft Answer.

An old drummer—"I have had many peculiar experiences since I commenced selling goods, but I shall never forget one of my first attempts. It taught me a lesson as to how to handle people which has been of inestimable value to me ever since.

"I entered a store, and, calling for the proprietor asked him whether I could show him my samples. He was a surly man, and particularly so this morning.

"'No, I don't want to buy anything,' began the proprietor, after I had put my stereotyped speech to him.

"'But I assure——'

"'Do you see that door?' said he

"'Yes, sir; but——'

"'Git out! Git out! or I'll put you out,' said the man, motioning to the door.

"I walked slowly out of the door, and, turning around, said: 'Say, mister, will you allow me to stay in New York a couple of days?'

"This conquered him. He smiled and I smiled. He broke into a loud laugh, and I walked into the store again.

"I took that man's order for $150 worth of goods, and he is to-day one of my best customers."—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 242 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

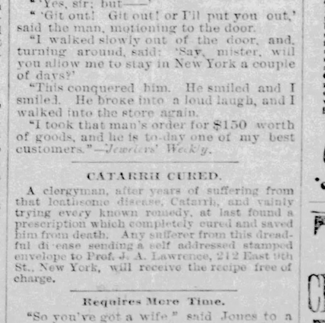
Requires More Time.

"So you've got a wife" said Jones to a newly-married man. "Don't know, don't know," replied the man with evident hesitation; "somethimes I think she's got me. You see I've only been married a few months, and I can't tell just yet how the blamed combination is going to turn out."—*Washington Critic.*

Broken Out Again.

"The divinity student's broke out again," said the young man that boards on South Division street. "We were sitting at dinner to-day and Miss Staggs she up and says one of her pupils will never set the river on fire. 'I see that you, like other good people, are a errat optimist,' said I, 'What do you mean?' said Miss Staggs, getting red in the face. 'I mean,' said the divinity student, 'that when you talk about setting the river on fire you are using an old saying that's got off the track. It used to be he'll never set the Thames on fire,' and people when they said it had in mind the river Thames; on the contrary it means a miller's sieve, called a temse, which was used in the old wind and water mill days. This temse had a wooden rim which slid back and forth in a wooden frame. If the man that worked it was energetic in his work he would hasten set fire to the temse from friction. Hence it was said of a dull, slow person that he would never set the temse on fire, and the saying has been corrupted to its present form.' The divinity student then went on with his pie, and Miss Stogg, indignant that any whipper-snapper of a man should presume to instruct her, arose and left the room.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Best cure for Consumption is the old Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."



ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have been in use for over thirty years. They have never failed to do all that is claimed for them, and can always be depended upon. Beware of imitations and do not be deceived by misrepresentation.

Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

AGENTS WANTED.

SALESMEN wanted everywhere. Good wages. J. A. Shaw, Nursery man, Rochester, N. Y.

19 Silk and Satin Neckties FREE. Agents' Snap Box and Outfit 12c. Necktie Co., Augusta, Me.

LADY Agents clear $150 monthly with my new Rubber Undergarment for LADIES only. Proof free. Mrs. H. F. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill.

50 TO $2.00 per hour at home. No peddling. No Humbug. How it is done and Valuable Samples for 10 cts. Address H. M. POPE & CO., Montpelier, Vt.

CUT THIS OUT and return to me with 10c silver, and you will get by mail a package of goods that will bring you in more money in one month than anything else in America. Absolute certainty. Needs no capital. G. M. Hanson, Chicago, Ill.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detro

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1887.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE Co., Publishers. D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for, a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 106,000.

THE BLADE FOR 1888.

Has it occurred to you, reader, that the Presidential campaign for 1888 will be even more hotly contested than that of 1884? And has it also occurred to you that you need to read a first-class newspaper, during this intensely exciting and interesting political battle, which will cover the summer and fall of 1888?

If these things have not occurred to you, we beg to call your attention to them—and also to the fact that the renewal season for subscriptions is at hand. In view of the coming Presidential campaign, all the present subscribers of the BLADE should renew, and every one who does not take it, should come in at this time and get it for the year.

We are glad to announce, as a special feature of the BLADE for the great campaign year, that the NASBY LETTERS will be a leading feature during its continuance. "Mr. Nasby" has been very quiet for some time, but he sees the postoffice at the X Roads trembling in the balance, and he is preparing to do his best to win the day!

Everybody will want the series of Nasby letters for the coming campaign. Subscribe for the BLADE, and get them in full!

Not only will these letters be a conspicuous feature of the BLADE, but the regular departments will be improved and bettered. The "Household," the "Young Folks," the "Camp Fire," the "Farm," and "Question Bureau" will each be made the best of its kind; and the BLADE shall still be more worthy of the title of "The only *perfect* newspaper in America."

We are preparing for a tremendous accession to our subscription list the coming year. During the campaign of 1884 our circulation ran up to 200,000, and we expect a half million during 1888.

Send us the addresses of all your friends whom you think would like a first-class newspaper, and we will send a specimen copy to each of them. We want EVERYBODY to send us a list of addresses.

And if you want to earn an honest penny yourself, send for confidential terms to club agents. We shall pay a larger cash commission for clubs this year than any other paper before the public. An energetic person can easily earn $5 a day by raising clubs for the BLADE this winter. Write for confidential club terms.

Don't fail to send lists of names for sample copies.

THIRD-PARTY ACTION ON THE TARIFF.

The national committee of the political Prohibitionists, at its recent meeting in New York the other day, placed the party on record on the tariff question. With more political sagacity than they generally show, they got down on the popular side of the fence; and in their call for a national convention, next year, they invited the co-operation of all who believe in protection to American labor.

This call, by the way, contains internal evidence to show that the charge of being a party of but one idea has stung the third-party men. They sweep over the field, and enumerate enough objects to furnish a half-dozen ordinary political platforms, from the denunciation of corporate monopolies to the support of woman suffrage. But the unfortunate thing about the matter is, that all of them—saving and excepting that favoring a protective policy—are either concerning subjects upon which the parties are substantially in accord, or those which are not accepted as issues by the people.

For, after all, the intrinsic importance of a principle is not all that is required to make it an issue. The people must be interested in it, and divide in their views upon it, or it can never become a real political issue. You can not make an issue of the purity of elections, because all parties agree upon the point. You cannot make an issue the coming year of woman suffrage, because the vast majority of the country don't care for it. So that our friends have not escaped from the charge of being a "one idea" party. They have a platform which, when reduced to its lowest terms, consists of an idea and an issue.—Prohibition by a political party is the idea; protection is the issue.

The third party leaders evidently believe the mass of their voters to be from Republican antecedents, as they unhesitatingly adopt the standpoint of that party. So that, so far as the contest for the Presidency and for Congress is concerned, the third party will hold the same ground as the Republican party. It is no matter what may be the views of the members of that party about the relative importance of political Prohibition and of the tariff, the latter will be practically the only issue that will be before the country next November. The fight will be for a tariff for revenue only on the one hand, and for a tariff affording protection to American workingmen and American industries on the other.

Then what good can a man possibly do by voting for the third party Prohibitionist ticket on a protection platform? None. He cannot hope to elect those candidates. There is not a Congressional district in the country where there is the smallest chance of the third-party candidate's being triumphant. A vote for that party is thrown away—utterly, entirely, thrown away; or, rather, it is a half-vote for Democratic free trade. For it is plain that the great struggle will be between the Republican and the Democratic parties, and the battle be upon the tariff question. All that a vote for the political Prohibition party can do is to take that much strength from the friends of protection.

As we said before, there is not a chance that the third party will elect a single Congressional candidate. The only thing the voters for that ticket can possibly do, is to elect a free trade candidate over a protectionist. Let us illustrate. There is a certain district which we recall, in which the vote among the parties stood thus in November last, on the state ticket:

Democratic	16,236
Republican	15,785
Third-party Prohibitionist	779

It is obvious that, if the vote of the three parties should be the same in November, 1888, the free trade Democratic candidate will be elected; and it is equally clear that the third-party voters, by voting for the protectionist candidate on the Republican ticket, can elect him and put one more vote in the House of Representatives for the policy which their national committee declares the party favors.

It seems clear, therefore, that in the gigantic struggle that is certain to occur next year, every vote that is not cast for one or the other of the two great parties is practically thrown away. No principle is subserved by sticking to the smaller "one-idea" parties. The fight is on the tariff, and a voter, to do his whole duty, must be either on the one side or the other. Meanwhile, even were there no political Prohibitionists, the good work will go on all the same. For instance, within the last three weeks nine counties in Michigan have adopted Prohibition under the new local option law, and by next fall nine-tenths of the state will have done likewise. So it will be elsewhere. The two great parties will fight the political battle on the tariff issue, while the people, irrespective of politics, will unite on non-partisan methods to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

HOLIDAY WEEK.

The business world is taking holiday. With the exchanges in the great cities devoting three days to the Christmas festival, the wholesale field was almost deserted; but this was compensated for to some extent by the great activity in the retail trade, in Christmas goods. The holiday period is a time which subordinates heavy trade to light, a time for business retrospect and forecasts, for taking stock and balancing accounts and generally overhauling and rearranging business mechanism, rather than operating the mechanism of current trade.

The reduction the past year in the volume of staple agricultural crops has relieved to some extent the overproduction of former years, and so has not been an unmixed evil either to producers or to the general business community. The yield of corn, hay and live stock is about 10 per cent. less than in 1886, but prices are 18 to 20 per cent. higher. The wheat yield is 8 per cent. less, and prices are somewhat higher. The yield of cotton is about 4 per cent. less, and prices are 13 per cent. higher. While the rise in raw material and foodstuffs increases the cost of manufacturing merchandise, the same factor increases the buying resources of the agriculturists, who constitute much the largest class of consumers of manufactured goods. This, in time, benefits the banking interest to an extent, partly at least to atone for the reduced volume of traffic in produce, by increasing the capacity of farmers to buy merchandise, and also to give a firm footing to an important class of collateral.

At last an effort is making to prevent the steady flight to Canada of embezzling cashiers. A new extradition treaty with Great Britain, covering this class of cases, is being urged upon the Senate. Among the memorials presented is that of H. D. LYMAN, vice president of the American Security company, of New York. There was a remarkable exhibit accompanying it, embracing an important list of persons who had fled to Canada. The offences named were all committed since the proposed convention was signed in June, 1886, and most of them within the past year. The exhibit gives a list of 53 embezzlements, and the amounts in each case. The largest embezzlement is for $1,000,000, and the aggregate embezzlements foot up to $3,840,570.

While the discontented, the ignorant, and the importing classes of the United States, under the lead of CLEVELAND, are on a crusade for the adoption of free trade, the protection feeling in England grows steadily. She is the only nation of importance in the world who sticks to free trade, and the people there are gradually seeing that the policy is one they must abandon. There are now 85 protection (or "fair trade") members of Parliament, and Mr. HOWARD VINCENT bids fair to become the leader of the party. So soon as the Irish question can be disposed of for a time, the "fair trade" issue will come up in earnest.

WE think the application of Utah for admission as a state should be denied. As long as she remains a territory she is under the absolute control of Congress. When she becomes a state, the people, subject to the constitution of the United States, will be their own masters. The change from territory to state cannot safely be made except on a condition that will render polygamy forever impossible. True, the recent constitution declares against polygamy. But it may be doubted whether this will prove an effective safeguard against the evil while a majority of the people of Utah are believers in polygamy.

DAN. MANNING'S name will be remembered long because of the strange fact of his loyal devotion to GROVER CLEVELAND. He made the latter President of the United States, and the extraordinary sequence of events which have given rise to the phrase, "CLEVELAND'S luck," would never have occurred had it not been for MANNING, CLEVELAND'S luck is buried in MANNING'S grave; and there is no one to assume the vacant place of the fallen WARWICK.

GEN. ALGER, of Detroit, spent some $15,000 in charity to the poor of that city on Christmas day. A noble deed by a noble man. If all millionaires used their abundance in relieving want and misery, there would be less popular feeling against them as a class.

THE business men of the two great commercial cities of the country are not disposed to wait for a postal telegraph, but are taking the initial steps for the erection of a business telegraph line between Chicago and New York.

THE total immigration for 1887 will not be much over 500,000, of which at least one fifth has been of most undesirable elements, such as Italians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Poles and Russians.

SOME $40,000 has been pledged annually to help the American Protective league carry on its work. The battle will be waged strongly against free trade from now until the election next November.

THE brewers' boycott of Kansas and Iowa barley is a silly exhibition of temper. After grain gets into an elevator nobody can tell whether it was raised in Kansas or Manitoba.

THE wool growers are aroused. Read Hon. C. DELANO'S appeal to the flockmasters of the country, in another column.

CHRISTMAS.

Toledo Daily Blade, 24th.

To-morrow is the accepted date of the anniversary of the birth of the world's Redeemer. At the advent of the Prince of Peace, a new song was heard, a new star glittered in the sky. The song swelled with notes of peace and good will to all mankind; the star typified His glorious reign. He came to break the chains of captives and let the oppressed go free. His mission was not to destroy, but to build up. He formulated no religious creed, but founded a new system of faith and morals. He enunciated the grand truth of the unity of the race and the brotherhood of man. In Him the world beheld the example of a perfect life, the beauty and nobleness of which grows and expands as time rolls on.

Mind and body were alike held in due subjection by the force of His will. He mingled among men, trod all the ordinary paths of human life, was tempted and tried, and no stain of guilt or sin was found upon Him. He was an illustrious and only example of a perfect man, and in this respect is lifted up that all the world may behold Him.

He was a teacher also. He brought light out of darkness, made rough places smooth, and opened a new highway whereon weary feet can travel free from scourge and fetters. He taught that love was divine, that hope was immortal, that faith was sublime, and that death was victory. He exalted the family and home, and around its sacred altars made childhood more loving and beautiful.

He had no invectives except for hypocrisy and shams, and no scourges except for money changers who used their religion as a cloak to accumulate dishonest gains. His life, example and teachings are the salt of the world. He is the great reformer of all the ages. His spirit breathes through Courts, Cabinets and Empires, rendering them more beneficent in sway. His love is reflected in every new stage of civilization, lifting the race higher in peace and brotherhood. His life belongs not to a single nation, age or creed. Around Jesus of Nazareth, Jew or Gentile, bond or free, infidel or Christian, ignorant or wise, all peoples and all tongues can gather, and burying strife and contention, meet on the common ground of peace and good will.

His birth is the central point of all time, whether in the ages past or the centuries to come. His advent is the wonder and miracle of all history. Christmas, therefore, has a higher significance than mere feasting and merrymaking; it heralds the birth of Him who is destined to bring order out of confusion, and to enthrone in this world justice, truth, love and peace.

He is the light of the world, and as that light glows and beams with the promise of universal good, every heart can take new hope and courage. Let the joy bells ring, let the home be glad, let childhood shout, let age grow young again; for the song still swells, the star still shines, and in the melody of the one and the glow of the other, we wish you "Merry Christmas!"

ANOTHER NEW PORTRAIT—ROBERT LINCOLN.

So great is the interest now manifested in ROBERT T. LINCOLN, in connection with the next Republican National convention, that we yielded to the request of thousands of subscribers who ask us to add him to the Blade's Portrait Gallery of Eminent Men. We have therefore had engraved at great expense an excellent portrait of ROBERT LINCOLN, which is uniform in size with other portraits of our publication, but *this one* is printed in tints, at a greater cost than the others, and is pronounced by judges to be the finest one in our Gallery. As a likeness it is absoluteiy correct, and as a piece of art work it is handsomely executed. We mail them singly, post paid, for 25 cents.

THE POPE IN POLITICS.

Cardinal MANNING has long been regarded as a revolution in English development, so far as his religio-political teachings have influenced. His talent has been that of the best Jesuit type, but Lord HUNTINGTON has surpassed in assurance any Catholic on English soil since the time of ELIZABETH. His excellency talks taffy and policy so bluntly that it would become a topic of ridicule in the conduct of such an embas y in most countries.

The head of the Catholic church, he says, could afford it material assistance in checking the mischievous designs of the Parnellites. We see no ground for the conclusion that the Catholic church in Ireland as a body is alienated from British rule beyond recall. The bulk of the priests are sitting on the fence, and it is in the power of British statesmanship to say on which side of it they shall descend. The way to make them allies of the executive is to appeal to their temporal as well as their spiritual interests. Provision in some form for a Catholic university must be made, but this is not enough. Concurrent endowment being out of the question since the disestablishment of the Protestant church, the Irish priesthood must be brought by some other means into direct stipendiary connection with the state. They must be freed from dependence on their flocks and given a permanent material interest in maintaining good relations with the executive.

The uninvited civility extended toward the Pope by the English Queen at the time of his late fete occasion was noticeable and remarked as directly hostile to the following of Mr. GLADSTONE. Her advisors are not slow to use the Church of Rome, any more than is BISMARCK, and not unlike the policy of Mr. CLEVELAND toward the Mugwumps, they seek repentance on the death-bed plan, but upon rallying, let His Holiness beware lest he fail. British politics will flourish however, whenever the almighty dollar is the highest argument.

At last the murder is out. Now the country may understand why Mr. CLEVELAND has been obliged to make so many speeches that savored strongly of the cyclopedia. Upon the authority of his wife, it is stated that he spends half his time in fighting the rats in the White House. It is a shame that the Chief Executive of this great and glorious country should be reduced to this extremity. Possibly he would be more comfortable if a little of the "surplus" could be spent in building a new Presidential mansion.

THE change with regard to the negro vote in Atlanta is consequent upon the introduction of a vital question not bounded by party lines, that of Prohibition. The same thing will finally occur in Louisiana, when the negro vote will be solicited. After its importance is once acknowledged, it can never again be bulldozed or cheated as it has been in the past. It is impossible now to predict what that question may be, whether prohibition, the labor conditions, or internal improvements, but the result will be the same.

THE London *Daily News* does not appear to have as much respect and admiration for Mr. CLEVELAND'S message as most of the English press. It says that he does not seem to perceive the effect of his own arguments or even the meaning of his own words. His statement that the question of free trade is irrelevant is astounding and preposterous. A shorter way of expressing such an opinion would have been to name him a fool.

THE Free Traders say that they want the tariff reduced in order to liberate the surplus in the treasury, and yet they insist that the internal revenue must not be disturbed. If they are so anxious about the surplus, why not do something that would help our own country instead of what will only help foreign manufacturers to the injury of our own.

THE Missouri Supreme court has affirmed the validity of the local option law in that state which greatly simplifies the temperance problem. No one but the Democratic politicians seem inclined to find much fault with this decision.

BUSINESS SUCCESS OR FAILURE

A great deal of wonder is often expressed at the success of one man in business, while another with apparently equal opportunities, so far as capital, place and market are concerned, fails utterly. The difference is often set down to the fact that the fickle goddess, Fortune, smiles upon one and frowns upon the other without any reason for her choice.

While there may be something in this, in other words, success or failure may be the result of laws of which the world knows nothing, the difference quite as often comes from obedience or disobedience to certain business principles, which may seem, perhaps, of small importance, but in reality are most vital in the final summing up. One of these is to give a pleasant, home-like atmosphere to the place of business. Make each one who enters feel that he is welcome whether he comes to buy or not. There is as much variety in this respect as in homes, and it makes all of the difference in the world in the loosening of the purse strings. No one likes to be treated anywhere with indifference, and when a person enters a store or office, and finds that his wants and wishes are matters of no importance to those whose business it is to be interested, he is not likely to go there again, unless in an emergency.

A book recently published gives the following causes of failure:

First—Want of knowledge of the suitableness and value of the goods purchased.
Second—Too much expense for the amount of business done.
Third—Want of care to know how everything stands.
The general principles which insure success are:
Work at clerking till you save enough to start on.
Owe no man a dollar.
Trust nothing, because you can sell without.
Rise early and work late.
Know the market value of what you buy and its demand.
Keep slow goods moving.
Be honest, economical and industrious.
Take care of that which needs care.
Cheap bought, easy sold.
Keep insured.
Turn all your keys yourself, if possible.
Make your customers' interests your own.
Keep expenses down; make your profits rise.
Catch the passing penny, then hold it.
Keep your glass, your stock and your conscience clean.
Buy slow; sell quick.
Beware of your friends, but not your customers.
Mind your own business; you cannot afford to attend to another's without pay.
When you buy, keep one eye on the goods, the other on the seller.
When you sell, keep both eyes on the buyer.
Few words and many pennies; time is money.
A failure, if honest, is a capital by experience; start anew; don't lose it.
Above all be *polite*, POLITE, POLITE!

The author adds that the securing of a friendly feeling towards the proprietor is of the first importance. He says:

The sum you make on a sale is of not the slightest consequence in proportion to this. Save your customer and his interests at all hazards, and never let him go away dissatisfied, no matter what it costs; you will make money by the operation. The old adage of "throw a sprat to catch a mackerel" should be studied in its true philosophy; and no matter what the business may be, as in fishing, the principle pays well in money. If you are after that your feelings should never be allowed to stand between you and your object.

TO AGENTS.

We shall pay an unusually large cash commission to agents who raise clubs for the BLADE this season. In view of the approaching Presidential campaign, agents will find it an easy matter to obtain a considerable number of clubs for the BLADE during the season, and upon the liberal terms we offer, an agency for the BLADE will be worth having. We want *one* active agent at every postoffice. Write us for our *confidential terms to agents.*

MILLS OF TEXES is like a great many persons, who do not have any thing, not even the measles, unless they have it bad. He just now, is local champion for the President, what might be called a "gasser." Only recently he discussed the tariff with Mr. SENEY, member of Congress from this state. MILLS is for free wool, free beer, free fish and free Democracy, and if the President should put his full weight on his corns he would smile and call it a good joke. SENEY deprecated the removal of the duty on wool, when Mr. MILLS responded that he owned more sheep than any man in Ohio and he was for free wool. "But," responded the former, "if you represented less sheep and more men you would be more careful of the interests of your constituents."

THE KEELY motor is yet alive in the brain of its inventor, and also, it seems, in the confidence of the stockholders. A meeting was held in Philadelphia on Wednesday, and in their report the Board of Directors said that they are better satisfied than ever that the new motive power will be a success, and that the great trouble has been that Mr. KEELY under-estimated the time necessary for the completion of his work. There can be little doubt but that there is some foundation for all this confidence, and in these days of wonderful developments, only the ignorant and opinionated will talk about impossibilities in the direction of new applications of force.

THE steady character of business exchanges in the Paris Bourse is a fair guarantee that, at length, the result of President CARNOT'S efforts to form a ministry, is being appreciated. There are those who predict that it will be but a holiday recreation, and that the ferment of the Commune is not stayed. The late election, however, seems to teach that similar conditions prevail there, as sometimes here and elsewhere, namely: that an active and noisy minority will overshadow a majority, till some question shall arise which awakens and exhibits their real strength.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Herald* has been going through the South and interviewing the leading manufacturers, as to the effect of the President's message. The general opinion among them seems to be that it will cause a division in the Democratic party South. There can be little doubt but that this will be the result, since the manufacturing enterprises which depend so largely for success upon the protection afforded by the tariff, are multiplying each year and contribute much to the prosperity of that part of the country.

THE telephone commission appointed by the state of New York to investigate the rates for the use of that instrument, reported in favor of legislation to correct the charges. It would seem that such an arrangement should be logical, because the company receives franchises which allow them to erect their wires upon the public streets and they have no right in return to abuse them, any more than a railroad company or any other corporation. Indiana has such a law and other states will follow.

EXPERTS place the proportion of distilled spirits used in the industries, at about one-tenth of the aggregate alcohol product. If this be so the government receives about $6,000,000 or $7,000,000 a year tax which might be removed for the benefit of the arts and manufactories that are obliged to use alcohol, leaving that upon what is consumed as a beverage. This is a matter the tariff reformers would do well to take into consideration.

IT is expected that the production of pig iron for the year 1887 will reach 6,288,598 gross tons. This is 604,055 tons, or 10¾ per cent. more than the production for 1886. The production of last year was the greatest in the history of the country and a more than 10 per cent. increase for this year shows what strides the iron business is making in this country. At this rate the iron production of Great Britain will soon be exceeded in the United States if it has not been already.

BEER HYGIENIC.

Professor PETTENKOFER, of Munich, is probably, with safety, regarded as the best authority in the world upon state medicine and sanitary hygiene. At the last session of the Congress of "Hygiene and Demography," held in Vienna last October, he read a paper upon the pecuniary interest involved in the question of sanitation, and presented it as a political economist, rather than as a special scientist. He urged the necessity of teachings in hygiene being made compulsory in all the universities and technical schools. "There are," he said, "three classes of men who need to give particular attention to hygiene, namely: the physicians, the architects and engineers, and finally public officers."

Statistics from the records of history were cited showing the importance of the art in a national way. In the Crimean war the proportion of French soldiers who died of wounds received in action to those who died of disease was nearly one to four, or 100 to 75. In the Franco-Prussian campaign, fifteen years later, the corresponding ratio in the German service was 100 to 43, or a gain of about 670 to every 1,000 fatal cases. More than 100,000 German soldiers were victims to typhoid and dysentery, who were taken from the field hospitals to the home quarters for treatment without any increase of either disease in the local districts in consequence.

Two hundred years ago the population of London was one million, and now it is above four millions. In the seventeenth century the average mortality was 42 per 1,000 per annum, whilst, at the present time, it is 21 per 1,000. This, he claimed, is due to the fact that the English, who are characterized by a practical observation, devoted a large part of their wealth to better domestic conveniences and comforts, a thing which is well worth an imitation. Many persons are averse to the expense incurred to promote sanitary improvements, but they forget that the damage caused by a high death rate and improvidence and disease amounts to the loss of large sums of money. In accordance with his estimate, the loss entailed upon Vienna, or a city of 1,000,000 people, per annum by sickness, equalled, 42,000,000 marks. The saving from a diminution of the death rate of one per thousand would amount to 1,500,000 marks.

Now, he says, there is expended for beer in Munich alone 25,000,000 marks annually, yet when a few millions are asked, for the purpose of proper drainage and better water supply, paving, etc., the people protest against the endurance of such a burden. If, he remarked, four glasses were taken daily instead of five, the yearly savings would be 5,000,000 marks, which not only would enrich the people, but according to the official report of Prof. BOLLINGER, the public health as well as morals would prosper better, for he states that more deaths from heart disease occur in beer-drinking Munich than in any other city of the province.

A SILLY RECOMMENDATION.

It seems to be the fate of the present administration to be cursed with officials who have no practical knowledge of the affairs pertaining to their departments, and who therefore will be able to do an immense deal of harm if their recommendations are put into effect. Now, here comes a shining example of that kind of official, in the person of Third Assistant Postmaster General HARRIS. This great head has a scheme for changing the manner in which the postage is paid on daily newspapers. For some time past the postoffice department has allowed publishers to send their papers to the train, where they are weighed by some one representing the postoffice. Mr. HARRIS contends that this is a violation of the law requiring the papers to be sent to the postoffice, and publishers who now have a narrow margin to go on must go to press earlier or miss the mails. Mr. HARRIS should be made circulation clerk of a live daily, with trains against him, for about six months.

This, however, is not the worst scheme of this man HARRIS. He proposes a change in the law that will be much more serious and embarrassing in its operations. The publisher now sends a wagon load of mail, going to 100 postoffices. The wagon-load is weighed and a charge of one cent a pound made. A receipt is given for the amount paid, the stamp representing the aggregate amount affixed to the stub, and canceled. The stamps serve as a check on the postmaster, who has to account for all the stamps not in his possession or canceled. Mr. HARRIS now wants to revolutionize all this by having stamps prepared of from one-eighth of a cent up, and by having each package, large or small, stamped separately before being sent to the office.

To the publisher who sends out a great many single copies, this would largely increase the postage, and a nice time he would have calculating and affixing stamps, where he publishes four, six, eight, ten, twelve, sixteen or twenty pages, according to circumstances. Upon what Mr. HARRIS bases his opinion that "it would be much more simple and expeditious than the present methods of paying postage," it would be hard for any newspaper publisher to say. It would be a serious matter should these suggestions become law. Fortunately, it is to be presumed that there are enough business men in Congress to prevent the enactment of his silly suggestions into statutes.

CARPET WOOLS.

Our esteemed mugwump and free trade contemporary, the New York *Times*, discussing the wool tariff, is anxious to have the duty of 2½ cents per pound on carpet wools removed, on the ground that it prevents "the development of the carpet industry of the country." This statement, which is made in the reckless manner that characterizes most of the free trade logic, is taken up and virtually riddled by the New York *Press*, which unlonds a lot of facts on the *Times* that must have been a great surprise to that paper.

It is demonstrated that, under this very tariff, the development of our carpet industry in the last fifteen years has been simply wonderful; that America has become the greatest carpet consuming and producing country in the world; that the carpet industry has changed from England, France and Germany to the United States; that before the present tariff went into effect we imported annually 10,000,000 to 11,000,000 yards of carpet from Great Britain, and that now we import not more than one-fourth that number of yards, despite the greatly enlarged consumption; and further, that carpets are being sold in the United States as cheaply to-day as in England.

The *Times* should spare its tears. The carpet industry is booming, and the only danger that menaces it is from the attempt to cut down that 2½ cents of duty! The fairness and honesty of the free trade arguments generally presented can be well judged from the above sample.

SENATOR SHERMAN never misses a point. In the debate on the resolution for a holiday recess, he remarked that if it were true that such an emergency existed as the President pointed out, owing to the accumulation of a surplus in the treasury, certainly a Democratic House ought not to adjourn over the holidays, but should work night and day to prevent the crash. It was a neat way of showing the over-statements of Mr. CLEVELAND. There is no danger of financial trouble, there is more money in circulation now than there was a year ago, and Congress is not to be balked of its holiday.

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

A subscriber at Fulton, Wis., asks us to give the amount of duty collected upon the articles most in use in this country We did this several weeks ago, in this column.

A correspondent at Woodhull, Ill., breaks out in the following style:

You say the Chicago *Tribune* is the only paper (Rep.) that favors the President's free trade views. It seems to me you know better than that. * * The following Republican papers indorse the President's sentiments: New York *Evening Post*, New York *Times*, St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, Omaha *Bee*, Iowa *State Register*, Indianapolis *Journal*, Providence *Journal*, Boston *Advertiser* and others. Tell the truth when you can.

Our correspondent must have been asleep politically since 1884. When we made the remark that the Chicago *Tribune* was the only Republican paper advocating the President's views, we of course had in mind only papers of national influence and reputation. The New York *Times* and *Evening Post* are not Republican papers and have not been since 1884. They are mugwump; and, like all perverts, are more strongly Democratic than simon-pure Democrats themselves. We doubt strongly our correspondent's assertion regarding the Iowa *State Register* and Indianapolis *Journal*. The Providence *Journal* and Boston *Advertiser* are mugwump, and not Republican papers. We do not exchange with the *Pioneer-Press*, and did not, at the time the paragraph was written, know of its free trade tendencies. Our correspondent should wake up and revise his views as to newspapers.

A Misinformed Farmer.

A correspondent who is afraid to sign his name, writing from Odessa, Kan., says:

I raise corn, wheat, rye, barley, oats, pototoes, buckwheat, onions, cabbage, beets, radishes, apples, peaches, hogs and cattle—not protected, and of which we always have a surplus. I find that when I want to exchange my commodities for things I need, there is a protection on those articles.

Our friend has been reading MONGREDIEN'S foolish free trade pamphlet, we fear, and has not studied the subject sufficiently to detect the fallacies of it. Every important thing in his list of his own products is protected. If the tariff were destroyed, wheat grown in India could be poured into the elevators of Chicago, where his own crop is doubtless marketed, at a price lower than he can possibly raise it. A reduction of the same duty would allow the farmers of Manitoba to undersell him in Chicago. Our friend should turn back to the series of articles in the BLADE during the fall, and cut out the list of duties on farm products.

And we wish to ask him, when he sells his crops and buys goods for his family (which process he calls "exchanging his commodities for things he needs,") how many British goods does he buy? If he buys goods made in England, he undoubtedly pays the duty on them. If he buys American-made goods (and we will venture he has not $10 worth of English goods in his possession) he does not pay the duty because goods manufactured here do not have to pay a duty, notwithstanding the frantic efforts of the free-trade Democrats to make it so appear.

An Intelligent Agriculturist.

Another correspondent from the same state—his letter being dated at Otto, Kan.—sees the matter in a much clearer light than the above. He writes us as follows:

In your paper of October 13, you say, in an article on the tariff, that the duty on wool is "from 10 to 12 cents per pound." The facts are that it runs as low as 2 cents per pound. I am a sheep man. I own cheap land, and have the Indian territory to graze on besides; and from experience can say that we of the United States can not raise wool at the present price. The sheep men of this country are one and all selling and shipping their sheep, and some are buying cattle; others, mules and horses.

The free trade men seem to think that if they reduce the tariff, we wool raisers will have to raise wool at the reduced price, but they will find that within two years, with free trade, they would have to import practically all of the wool. I own the only bunch of sheep that is left in our township, and unless the tariff is raised mine will be ready for the butcher next year.

No wonder he signs himself after giving his name, as "an ex-Democrat!" That sort of experience would convert almost any man.

The Morrill Tariff of 1861.

Another correspondent from Kansas, this time writing from Topeka, sends us the following:

Referring to the first of "Three More Questions" asked and answered in the October 20 issue of the BLADE, may I ask, for information merely, what policy there was for the government to impose so high a tariff on importations during the war, when American manufactures were comparatively insignificant, for the purpose of revenue, when it was a well-known principle that a low tariff, by stimulating importation of foreign goods, necessarily increased the revenues? In other words, was that not precisely a time to adopt a low tariff, both for the sake of the greater revenue it would yield, and further, because of the fact that the American manufactures had not attained any magnitude, and therefore not entitled to protection which they became entitled to in later years, when the tariff was actually reduced, and American markets thrown open to greater competition by foreign countries?

If you deem this question of any relevancy, will you kindly answer it through the columns of the BLADE, and oblige a subscriber and one who is desirous of determining for himself which side of the tariff question is the right side.

While the principle laid down by our correspondent is a true one, the peculiar circumstances which involved the government at the beginning of the war rendered the imposition of a high tariff imperative. We had been having a low tariff for several years, and it had gone past the period of which our correspondent speaks—that of importation and large revenue. The gold had been drained out of the country, the great panic of 1857 had impoverished thousands, and business was stagnant. The government had to furnish circulation by the issue of greenbacks, and in order to raise the enormous sums needed for carrying on the war, put a high tariff on all imports. We had to have these things, and it was a mode of indirect taxation of the people themselves, as all tariffs are when first imposed. Every buyer paid the duty, of course. The opportunity of making money in manufactures was eagerly seized on, and American industries began to boom. As soon as they began to compete with the foreign goods and with each other, prices to the consumer began to come down, owing to the competition, and this process has resulted in giving us American-made goods at the cheapest price consistent with decent wages to labor.

The "greater revenue" our correspondent speaks of could then only be obtained by increasing the duty, because American industries could not supply all we needed. There was not in all the United States a plant that could make steel of the proper grade for a musket-barrel. There were not woolen mills enough to make the blue cloth for uniforms, let alone to supply the rest of the people with clothing. At the present time, the effect of reducing the tariff would be exactly what our correspondent represents

MR. JAMES P. FOSTER, the recently elected president of the Republican National league, and who is credited with its inception, is about thirty-nine years of age, a native of flushing, L. I., and a graduate of the University of the City of New York and of the Columbia law school. In 1877 he finished a post graduate course in the University of Berlin, and achieved high honors therein. His membership of the New York Republican club dates from 1881. He was its vice-president in 1885 and 1886, and is now its president. He is a lawyer of large and growing practice. The position to which he has just been chosen is full of work and of responsibilities. But from all that is known of him, he is fully equipped for its severest exactions.

IT is said that, since the recent Supreme court decision in Prohibition, the brewers of Iowa and Kansas have given up hope, and are preparing to shut up shop. Good!

HENRY GEORGE seems to be unfortunate in his missionary efforts, and certainly his experience is so wide that a broadcast blight is threatened. He has from time to time attempted the role of a worker in all the political organizations, except that of a Know Nothing, and the only reason he escaped that epidemic seems to be the fact that it came along too soon for his time. One trouble apparently afflicts him, as it does very many brilliant and versatile brains, namely, want of tenacity. He is not unlike the homeopathic pill Mr. LINCOLN commented on, not quite large enough to cover the whole ground. He made a great sensation one year ago, when he endeavored to turn on the steam to his little machine, which worked so charmingly in book form, but when put into execution collapsed like other bright inventions. After perspiring over that scheme for one or two campaigns, he has all at once broken out in a new spot and exclaims, "Thank God for GROVER CLEVELAND," and sets to work explaining his message. Some of CLEVELAND'S friends, however, like the Nashville *American*, now denounce him as "an enemy to the Democratic party," because he explains the text to mean absolutely free trade. Poor man!

THERE will be a bill introduced simultaneously by Senator REAGAN and Representative CLARDY investing the secretary of the treasury with practically absolute powers over the subject of immigration, including the right to require bonds from all steamship companies that they will not bring indigent or diseased persons to this country. It is an indication that the Democrats and Republicans will go hand and glove in a work that will protect the country from the unclean foreigner.

THE Democrats now propose to admit Dakota territory as a whole, with Washington and Montana to come in at the same time. This arrangement would add three to the Republican and six to the Democratic strength in the Electoral College, a gain to the Democrats of three. After the new apportionment in 1890, the conditions would probably be more nearly equal, but it is not probable that there will be any delay with this state of matters existing.

taught by the white [illegible]

Jernmantfakturbolagsforsaljningsmagazin in Swedish means, in English, "The Iron Manufacturing Company's sale shop."

Twenty thousand poor children are to be supplied with Christmas presents by London *Truth*. Last year the limit was 14,000.

German army: Number of troops, 428,104; cost, $18,850,000. British army: Number of troops, 198,000; cost, $18,822,000.

The wife of President Diaz, of Mexico, has established an extensive *creche* in the City of Mexico, and gives it her personal supervision.

A law has been passed in Waldeck, Germany, forbidding the granting of a marriage license to a person addicted to the liquor habit.

The University of Pennsylvania intends to send an exploring expedition to ancient Babylon under the direction of Dr. John P. Peters.

A new wrinkle at some receptions is a salad of cold imported asparagus, the dressing delicious enough to make one forget "it comes in glass."

W. W. Storey, the American sculptor, has the largest studio in Rome. He has eight rooms in the Barberini Palace filled with his works of art.

The biggest tree in California—and it is a monster, indeed—is the "Keystone State," in the Calaveras Grove. It is 325 feet high and 45 feet in circumference.

Robert Burns Wilson, the rising Kentucky poet, is 37 years old, and not 20, as has recently been stated. His first volume of poems will soon be published.

The Ohio Home for the Blind, at Iberia, Morrow county, has now eighteen inmates, who earn from 50 to 85 cents per day, after paying their board, in making brooms.

Mr. Thurber, of New York, husband of the lady of American opera fame, sold $18,000,000 worth of groceries last year. His wife can afford to be sweet on opera.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is suffering from an affection of the eyes and is obliged to do her literary work by the aid of an amanuensis. She is living quietly at Andover, Mass.

Miss Lucy Salmon, the new professor of history at Vassar college, is a fine-looking blonde, with a clear, open face, physically and mentally healthy and steadfast-looking.

Mrs. Helen M. Avery, a $1,600 clerk in the Interior department, is regarded as the finest penman in Washington. She writes rapidly, and with great uniformity and clearness.

Sir Charles Dilke is a fine swordsman. He recently gave a fencing exhibition to the veterans of the Chelsea hospital, England. He fences well against his intellectual foes also.

Robert Louis Stevenson's poem "Ticonderoga" has created a good deal of discussion in England. It is not the first time that Ticonderoga has made trouble for Englishmen.

Robert G. Richardson, of Bottsford, Vt., is an uneasy soul. He has just sold his farm and moved, which makes the thirteenth time that he has done the same thing during the last 35 years.

An author in his new novel asks: "If civilization be the analogue of geologic secretion, how tortuous is the trend and dip of the ethnological strata, how abrupt the overlapping of myths."

The great tower of iron,

A WONDERFUL CAVE.

The Fire that Burns by Night and Goes Out Itself—An Explanation of This Curious Phenomenon.

Leadville Herald-Democrat.

It is undoubtedly true that all the wonderful things of nature have not yet been found out, and it is also true that by reason of their isolation some of the most beautiful and interesting of them have only been wintssed by the brave, restless and inquiring explorers of the mountain fastnesses and desert wastes. The Rocky mountain regions certainly hold their share of interest of this kind, with which the general public are not acquainted. But the really beautiful and interesting phenomenon which is about to be described, has been witnessed by perhaps less than a dozen white people in the world. Indeed, with the exception of Mr. A. J. Campbell and the party who accompanied him on a hunting and prospecting expedition, not long since, under his care and guidance, there is no evidence that any others of the white race are aware of its existence. Mr. Campbell is an old mountaineer and has spent years in exploring the country lying between the Gunnison and Eagle rivers.

One day, during the autumn, while hunting for deer on a hill or mountain lying to the south of the Eagle, several miles from what is known as Elbow canon, and not far from the place where Salt creek has its beginning, a country where one would least expect to see anything different from the usual grand and massive attractions of the sublime mountain scenery, he came upon this little wonder which, by its contrast of smallness added a sublimity to the place that could not fail to impress one with the belief, or at least the thought that, surely this place deserves the name "Holy." There appears to be good reason for believing, in the fact that it was so considered by the aborigines, for there were numerous curiously shaped stones, possessing to the Indians, no doubt, the value of charms and religious adjuncts, to be found near the place.

Mr. Campbell's attention was called to the place by seeing what he supposed to be the smoke from a smouldering campfire, and, being weary from his long and fruitless half-day's tramp, concluded to go to the place and try and obtain refreshments, supposing it to be the camp of some other hunters. When, however, he approached the place from which the smoke was issuing, he found it to be a cave in the hill, of a very unusual appearance. The opening dipped into the mountain very much as an incline would be run on a mine, and resembling one so much that he at first took it to be such, bnt a closer examination proved it to be a natural opening.

The smoke was found to be coming from a small fire in the opening, and the fumes were intensely sulphurous. The fire appeared to have nothing to support it but the rocks on the floor of the cave, and these seemed to be collected in a little basin-like depression not larger than a man's hat. There seemed to be running water in the cave, and as the fumes escaped straight upward through an opening in the overhanging roof, which projected over like a piazza, the explorer was enabled to make a close examination and found that there was indeed a spring of flowing water issuing from the side of the cave, and in such near proximity to the fire that he wondered why the latter was not quenched by it.

An investigation showed that the water was sulphurous and there issued with it a great amount of sulphuretted hydrogen gas with its attendant disagreeable smell.

The portals to the cave were beautiful with crystals of selenite or gypsum with which that section abounds, being studded in the really beautiful and interesting phenomenon which is about to be described, has been witnessed by perhaps less than a dozen white people in the world. Indeed, with the exception of Mr. A. J. Campbell and the party who accompanied him on a hunting and prospecting expedition, not long since, under his care and guidance, there is no evidence that any others of the white race are aware of its existence. Mr. Campbell is an old mountaineer and has spent years in exploring the country lying between the Gunnison and Eagle rivers.

One day, during the autumn, while hunting for deer on a hill or mountain lying to the south of the Eagle, several miles from what is known as Elbow canon, and not far from the place where Salt creek has its beginning, a country where one would least expect to see anything different from the usual grand and massive attractions of the sublime mountain scenery, he came upon this little wonder which, by its contrast of smallness added a sublimity to the place that could not fail to impress one with the belief, or at least the thought that, surely this place deserves the name "Holy." There appears to be good reason for believing, in the fact that it was so considered by the aborigines, for there were numerous curiously shaped stones, possessing to the Indians, no doubt, the value of charms and religious adjuncts, to be found near the place.

Mr. Campbell's attention was called to the place by seeing what he supposed to be the smoke from a smouldering campfire, and, being weary from his long and fruitless half-day's tramp, concluded to go to the place and try and obtain refreshments, supposing it to be the camp of some other hunters. When, however, he approached the place from which the smoke was issuing, he found it to be a cave in the hill, of a very unusual appearance. The opening dipped into the mountain very much as an incline would be run on a mine, and resembling one so much that he at first took it to be such, bnt a closer examination proved it to be a natural opening.

The smoke was found to be coming from a small fire in the opening, and the fumes were intensely sulphurous. The fire appeared to have nothing to support it but the rocks on the floor of the cave, and these seemed to be collected in a little basin-like depression not larger than a man's hat. There seemed to be running water in the cave, and as the fumes escaped straight upward through an opening in the overhanging roof, which projected over like a piazza, the explorer was enabled to make a close examination and found that there was indeed a spring of flowing water issuing from the side of the cave, and in such near proximity to the fire that he wondered why the latter was not quenched by it.

An investigation showed that the water was sulphurous and there issued with it a great amount of sulphuretted hydrogen gas with its attendant disagreeable smell.

The portals to the cave were beautiful with crystals of selenite or gypsum with which that section abounds, being studded with them in a most extraordinary manner. After making all the investigation possible and with much wondering as to how the fire came there and where the sulphur came from to feed it, Mr. Campbell returned to camp resolved to tell the rest of the party and together with them make a further examination the next day.

That night the camp was moved to the side of the hill on which the phenomenon was located, as they would thereby be nearer to the field of their hunting operations as well as to the object of the new subject of wonder. It was found that the camp was really at a point from where they could look straight at the opening, and from which could be seen the bluish characteristic sulphur flames combining with the refracted rays that shone through the selenite crystals, making a lovely sight.

The next morning the entire party proceeded to the spot, but they were surprised and somewhat chagrined to find there was no smoke and no fire where it had been the afternoon and night before; but the sulphur spring was there, and the emblems of aboriginal superstition were there to be seen in abundance. The conclusion they now adopted, was that the fire had been lighted by some one who had perhaps found a small deposit of sulphur in the cave and wished to ascertain if it would burn. So, thinking that the problem had been solved, the party devoted their time to hunting. But the next night the fire was observed again as on the previous night, and the interest was now increased, for, as no other portion had been met with in the vicinity, the party were at a loss to account for the lighting of the fire, even if there had appeared to be a sufficient supply of sulphur to maintain it.

So the morning following found the party again at the cave, but they found it exactly as it had appeared on their departure the day before. The interest of the inquirers was now thoroughly aroused, and they resolved to lay in wait and discover who kindled the fire daily, and for what purpose. The entire morning was spent in waiting, but no one appeared upon the scene except themselves. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon when waiting had become somewhat tiresome, one of the watchers called the attention of his companions to the cave by an exclamation of "look!" There in the mouth of the cave the fire was burning lazily and calmy as though it had never been quenched, and the object of the long watch was defeated. The place was again abandoned, but Mr. Campbell resolved that he would not yet give up the investigation.

The following day about noon found the old prospector at the cave, and this time he took a reclining position in the very entrance of the cave. He was dreamily watching a sunbeam that passed first through one of the crystals of gypsum as it gradually approached the spot where the fire had been. As the sun moved farther to the westward, and when it did reach that place, where there still remained a small deposit of sulphur that had not been consumed by the fire, he was surprised to see it in a short time to take fire. The means of kindling it had been solved. The crystal of selenite had served the purpose of a sun glass, focusing the rays of the sun on the sulphur and causing heat enough to ignite it. The supply was not sufficient, however, to sustain the fire for more than a few minutes, and the source of supply was not, therefore, determined; but it did not seem to diminish at all with the burning, and the fumes were wonderfully stant to come to burning sulphur, hardly sufficient to be at all noticed with the escape above that was mentioned before. He now determined to see how the fire was quenched during the night, as the supply of fuel seemed to never be consumed. The camp was accordingly pitched for that night under the protecting shelf of the cave's roof, and Mr. Campbell took a position where he could observe the fire in the cave at all times, resolved not to take his eyes from it until his object should be gained. It was long after midnight before this was accomplished; but when it was, the explanation was very simple. The flow of water from the spring became much greater in the latter part of the night than during the day or evening, overflowing the fire and of course quenching it. Thus the spring and also the fire, with the aid of the sun and crystals of gypsum, at certain periods of the year were intermittent. The only thing remaining to be explained to the old prospector's mind now was how the fire got its fuel, and this problem he was not able to solve, as it depended upon a scientific principle with which he was not familiar, but is not difficult of explanation.

The cave is no doubt of volcanic origin, and perhaps at some time, or even at the present, there have been issuing from the crevices in the formation here, sulphur dioxide, which coming in contact with the sbiphuretted hydrogen of the spring deposited sulphur, and when the sulphur is ignited by the focusing of the sun's rays, it is burned again into sulphur dioxide only again to be precipitated by coming in contact with its kindred gas, thus furnishing fuel for the fire that will not remain quenched.

It will be evident that this phenomenon is not in operation at all periods of the year, as when the sun is too high or too low at the time of passing the cave, the rays would not be focused by the selenite lens.

Beecher and Hakes Give Bond.

HARTFORD, Dec. 27.—Robert E. Beecher and Isaac W. Hakes, of the wrecked Continental Life Insurance company, of this city, against whom two bills were found last week, gave bond this morning in the Superior court, in the sums of $5,000 and $2,000, respectively.

—TO-DAY take the medicine for to-morrow, which is Warner's Log-Cabin Sarsaparilla. The largest Sarsaparilla bottle in the market. 120 doses for $1.00. All druggists.

DOWN IN JERSEY.

A Mysterious Wild Beast.

Chicago Tribune.

The good citizens of Ogdensburg, N. J., e engaged in an organized effort to capture a wild beast that plays sad havoc with the cattle and fowls of the farmers owning land adjoining the mountains. It has been seen by a number of persons, some of whom believe it to be a catamount, while others think it a panther escaped from a traveling show. The beast has already killed several young cattle and has almost exterminated a number of hen-roosts. A few nights ago, as Charles Ouranns was returning home somewhat late, he heard a plaintive cry as of a child in distress. Upon investigation he found it was some large animal which followed him, keeping a short distance in the rear all the time and sustaining its child-like cry. He arrived at home almost frightened to death, as he expected all the time to be attacked by the beast. He said it very closely resembled a panther he once saw in a museum. Philip Struble was out quail-shooting two days ago and came on the stranger, who seemed to be sleeping on some leaves under a tree. They saw each other about the same time, but as his gun was loaded with bird-shot and there was no help near, he edged off quietly, the animal keeping its position under the tree. Struble said it was the biggest game he ever saw, and seemed to be as large as a "2-year-old steer." But it was last night that the boys thought they would get him sure. S. C. Ball was awakened at about midnight by a loud noise in his hen roost. Going out he found such fowls as were still alive greatly frightened, while about a dozen lay on the floor dead, and feathers and blood lay all round. He saw the tracks of some large beast on the floor of the roost, and went to some of the neighbors and soon procured the assistance of six men. Each had a gun and lantern, and some carried pitchforks as a further means of defense. There were several dogs in the party, and they had no trouble in finding the trail, which led to a swamp. The dogs would not enter this, and kept close to the hunters. While they were holding a consultation the bushes to the right of a man named Kelly opened and the animal, in sight of all of them, sprang for him, one paw striking his shoulder. This brought him to the ground, knocking his gun from his hand, which exploded as it fell. This frightened the animal, which made off without a gun being fired. Kelly was slightly injured on the shoulder. His coat was torn, and he received several scratches, from which the blood trickled The whole party then agreed that it was better to hunt wild animals in the daytime, and returned home, determined to get a large crowd together and capture the beast.

THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

Pagan and Christian Festivals.

The sun grazes the tropic of Capricorn on the 21st of December, and the astronomical winter commences. The event is known as the winter solstice. It is the season when ice and snow reign over the northern temperate zone, and the sun looks with slanting beams upon a belt of earth when cold and desolation hold sway. He seems to stand still in his course as he views the frigid picture, and then the great river of physical life and light turns his face toward us and offers the first precious minute of additional daylight as a guarantee of joys that follow in the train of his progress northward. The pagan nations of antiquity, who looked upon the sun as the visible manifestation of the deity, observed the winter solstice as the season of sacred festivities. The Persians kindled their sacred fires. The Romans celebrated their Saturnalia. The Scandinavians built huge fires, which yule logs blazed in honor of Odin and Thor. The Druids gathered the sacred mistletoe, and made human sacrifices to the savage divinities whom they worshiped. Feasting and rejoicing filled the passing hours, the dwellings were decked with branches of evergreen and wreaths of laurel, presents were exchanged, and universal merriment was the order of the day. The sun, the embodiment of power and strength, was coming back. It was the return of life and happiness to their rude natures, and their most sacred religious rites and dearest social pleasures clustered closely around the winter solstice. The early teachers of Christianity could not induce their converts to give up these heathen festivities, and endeavored to change them to Christian festivals. Engratted upon the pagan rites and amalgamated with them we have the strange medley of Christian and pagan customs that make Christmas and New Year all over the civilized world the season of joyful thanksgiving to the great Creator of the sun, and the blessedness of his returning beams. December crowns the longest nights of all the year, with a superb picture of the glory of the heavens. The sky is the embodiment of purity, the stars sparkle and shine with the utmost resplendent luster, pouring down upon the frost-bound earth their sweet influence. Orion treads the concave with starry feet; Sirius, brightest of stars, follows in his train; the Pleiades and Aldebaran mount higher in the sky, and the brilliant Capella glows in the Northwest. Venus, fairest of the starry hosts, turns her steps to the sun and advances toward Jupiter on the way. Mercury is easily visible when the morning light is breaking, and Saturn, visible nearly the whole night, makes his way through the nebulous mass, Praesepe, nature's fairest page, studded with stars and planets, lies open to the observer on every cloudless night, and when the full moon on the last of the month makes her rapid way over the firmament from sunset to sunrise, her round face is glorious to behold, as high in the heavens she casts blue shadows over the snow and floods the earth with her soft, silvery light.

Queer Dishes of Various Nations.

A puppy stew is a royal feast in Zanzibar.

Polynesians are very fond of shark's flesh quite raw.

The New Brunswickers find a special charm in the loose nose of the moose deer.

Sharks' fins and fish maws, unhatched ducks and chickens, seaslugs, and birds' nests are all highly prized by the omnivorous Chinese.

In Havana the shark is openly sold in the market. The Gold Coast negroes are all fond of sharks, as they are fond of hippopotami and alligators.

One species of bat is considered good eating by the natives of the islands of the Indian archipelago, Malabar, etc. It is called by naturalists the edible bat, and is said to be white, tender, and delicate.

Bears' paws were long a German delicacy, and the flesh is held equal or superior to pork, the fat being as white as snow. The tongue and hams are cured, but the head is accounted worthless and thrown away.

The Parisians eat horse flesh, and at the exhibition of 1851 M. Broechieri showed and sold delicious cakes, patties, and bonbons of bullock's blood, rivaling the famous marrons glaces of the confiseries of the boulevards.

—Sick headache is readily cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which tones and regulates the digestion, and creates an appetite.

Some Scientific Facts.

It is a peculiarity of the emotions of fear or wonder that they relax the muscles of the lower part of the face and cause the dropping of the jaw.

Few people carry the head erect; that is to say, perfectly balanced on the end of the spine, like the end of a walking-stick. It is always leaned to one side or the other.

There is a class of people who have a curious habit of taking hold of the chin as if it were a door-knob. Sometimes they make a motion as if they were pulling an imaginary beard.

The origin of the habits of crossing the legs and of nursing the knee—the last an entirely superfluous task in this country, where habits are so accessible—is lost in the hoary mists of antiquity.

Persons nowadays receive their friends with open arms. The primitive animals received theirs with open jaws, because they had originally regarded all other beings either as enemies or articles of diet.

We pay men a good salary or commission to represent us. S. A. McOmber & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Lincoln-Hamlin combination.

"What's in a name?" has been a question sufficiently answered for centuries to still remain a subject for discussion, and what is in two names should have a double interest. If you don't think so take two names as well known as any in American history and look at them. They are Lincoln and Hamlin. Nothing peculiar about them as they stand, but set them up differently and see what they are. For instance:

HAM LIN
LIN COLN

Read up and down and then across. There's something in that, isn't there?

Now again:

ABRA-HAMLIN-COLN

Can you find two other names of two other men whose official lives and whose names combine as these do?

$16 buys a single harness worth $25. Sent for inspection. A manual of a million facts, worth $10, 440 pages, free with every order sent for 30s. National Harness Co., Wholsale M'f'rs, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE KOLA NUT.

What Wonderful Things It Does.

Planters in tropical climes are recommended to cultivate the kola tree, the nut of which seems to possess some marvelous qualities. If the prophecies regarding the benificent services of certain preparations of it are realized, an unspeakable boon will be conferred on millions of the human race. For many years it has been extensively used as an excellent beverage and sacred symbol in the interior of Africa, but now its properties have every reason to be far more extensively utilized. There is no doubt from what is already known that it has the extraordinary power of counteracting the influence of alcohol, of giving a stimulant in wasting diseases, of acting as a powerful tonic in cases of deep-seated injuries of the digestive organs, of purifying foul water, of overcoming the sense of fatigue, and of exciting to arduous work with the least injury to the frame.

It appears that kola nuts were originally found in the western territories of Africa, and that soldiers stationed along the coast were the first white men who became aware of their peculiar property. They found, for instance, that the chewing of these nuts prevented a drunken headache. Not only so, but some who have used the nut paste as a "pick-me-up" assert that while removing the nausea, it gives them quite a "skunner" at the smell of whisky, and removes the irritating desire for a "morning" to keep the stomach hearty. If the paste be mixed with cocoa paste, which it resembles closely, it produces a much finer and more nutritive chocolate. It has been shown by repeated experiments that the nerve energy produced by partaking of the chocolate made with kola paste is ten times greater than that produced by an equal quantity of ordinary cocoa chocolate. So nutritious is this kola that with a single cup of it a laborer can undergo a day's work without any sense of weariness. Though it may not directly feed the muscular system, it has the property of preventing the rapid waste of the tissues. So much have the manufacturers of chocolate, both in this country and abroad, become alive to the excellent properties of the new paste that they are making arrangements to procure it for mixing purposes as soon as its price becomes reasonable. The British government, too, has gone the length of making experiments upon the paste in a pure state, so as to ascertain the saving which would be made in the transit of provisions in time of war by giving this beverage to the army. It is of great service for purifying the foul water which is so prevalent in hot climates; this will be the preventive of many diseases, especially to Europeans. It has also been found very useful in clarifying beer and spirits, acting much like the white of an egg or isinglass.—*The Scotsman.*

THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.

Hanging up Their Stockings To-night For Santa Claus's Gifts.

The children's custom of hanging up their stockings on Christmas Eve, as receptacles for the good things which Santa Claus feels disposed to drop down the chimney, is a sturdy survival of fairyland which thrives in this ultra-scientific and somewhat materialistic world of ours as if by way of attesting the strength and vitality of the pleasures of imagination.

Children live in an enchanted realm, full of delightful illusions, of which the midnight ride of Santa Claus, over the tops of roofs, scattering toys as he goes, is a marvellous sledge, driven by fleet-footed reindeers, and shaking his fat sides with laughter as he pursues his cheerful way among the chimney-tops, is at once one of the most vivid and poetical.

Thousands of little hands, chubby and dimpled hands, will seek as many mantelpieces on to-night, and hang up their empty hose with the fullest faith in this delightful fiction. In the morning, fresh from sweet slumbers and pleasant dreams, the same hands will come down and find them full, without the slightest mistrust of the honesty of the miracle. They will see their toys, and believe in their reality.

With the same innocent trust which they place in the story that sleep is caused by the nightly round of the dustman, who scatters fine dust in their eyes, or in the other nursery tale which tells them that

"Sugar and spice, and all things nice,
Is what little girls are made of,"

they accept, without inquiring, the story of the Christmas journey of the saint in the fur coat and frosted beard.

How it should happen that one sleigh could hold such a multitude of toys, or how in one night its driver could make the round of the whole world's roofs, are skeptical suggestions that never enter their minds. Later on, and all too soon, they will feel the force of such doubts, but then they will be no longer children. The illusions of infancy will have vanished then, and the deepest well-springs of its happiness—boundless imagination and complete innocence—will have ceased to flow.

In the meantime other troops of trustful children, to whom the gates of knowledge will not yet have opened heavily on the creaking hinges of hard fact, will still come crowding up to the mantlepieces on Christmas Eve, to pin their stockings thereon, and their faith on the good Santa Claus. So the illusion, always being dispelled, will never die, and once a year the hearts of men and women, grown weary in the stern hard battle of life, will be called back to the children's fairyland, from which they themselves have so long been expelled, and again the last echoes of its beautiful music, that sweet strain of simple trust which can only be swept from the harp of life by baby fingers,

"Nearer the gate of paradise than we,
Our children breathe its airs, its angels see."

The Dark Waters of Superior.

How cold the dark water of lake Superior is! One evening when we steaming across the lake, I asked the mate what was done when a man fell overboard. He coolly replied, "Nothing."

"Why?" I asked, astonished at his heartlessness.

"The water of lake Superior is so cold that a man cannot live in it during the time it takes to stop a rapidly-moving vessel and lower a boat," he replied. Then he added: "I have sailed on this lake for 25 years. During that time I have known many men to fall off vessels. I know of only one man who escaped death He was saved by a scratch. The others were apparently killed by the shock produced by falling into such cold water." He picked up an empty can to which a long string was attached and cast it overboard. The can skipped from the crest of one wave to that of another for an instant, then dipped and filled. The hoary headed mate drew the full can up and handed it to me, saying: "Take a drink of that, and then you say what you think to which chances of swimming in Lake Superior for 10 or 15 minutes." I drank deeply, and it was as though liquid ice flowed down my throat.

"It is alleged," the mate said, "that this lake never gives up its dead, that to be drowned in Lake Superior is to be buried for all time. I do not know whether this is true or not, but I do know that I have never seen a corpse floating on the lake." I wonder if this is true? I doubted it, but I could find no sailor who had ever seen a dead body floating on the lake.

On the Seal's Back, and as a Cloak.

A seal-skin as seen on the animal is a very different thing from that seen on a lady's cloak. The fur is not visible; it is concealed entirely by a coat of stiff over-hair, dull, gray-brown and grizzled." This over-hair must all be removed. It is a long, laborious process by which the pelts are made ready for their final use. And because labor is so much cheaper in the old world, nine-tenths of these fur-seal skins are dressed in London, and then sent out all over the civilized world. There are practically no other seals caught save those taken on the Pribylov islands, by the Alaska Commercial company.

The average weight of a two-year-old skin is five and a half pounds; three-year-old skin, seven, and of a four-year-old skin, twelve pounds. It takes three skins to make a lady's sack, which is worth anywhere from $75 to $500. This difference in price is seldom due to a variance in the original quality of the fur, but to the quality of the work by which it is made ready for wear. The carcass is left to rot where the skin was taken off. It requires about three years to rot away, and, although 90,000 of these carcasses are annually decaying almost within a stone's throw of the village of St. Paul's Island, yet the people do not seem to suffer any injurious effect therefrom. The seal, not the young seals, is perfectly cooked, is not bad eating, and some of the steaks will compare favorably with our beef or mutton.—*Boston Transcript.*

Beauty's Mistress.

Among all the personal attractions that a pretty woman possesses, there is absolutely none which has so much to do with general effect as a fine complexion That its importance is appreciated is shown by the number of preparations put upon the market which claims to produce it, or to preserve it when already possessed. Among them all, there is nothing which is more effective than Dr. Hebra's Viola Cream, which softens and whitens the skin, takes off blemishes, and gives a clear, brilliant look greatly in contrast to the dead white that is often seen. Its properties are also curative. It will be sent by mail for 50 cents by G. E. Bittner & Co., Toledo, O. See advertisement on 8th page.

HOOFS CAME OFF.

Extraordinary Suffering and Intelligence of the Trotter Domestic.

James L. Goldsmith, the well-known horseman, arrived to take charge of his crack trotter, Domestic, which has been in Detroit ever since the summer meeting of the Detroit Driving club, under the care of a veterinary surgeon. The race in which Domestic took part was the celebrated 2:22 trot, which created more of a sensation than any race ever started in this city. It was in this contest that the discovery was made of an alleged rind said to have for its object of the boldest and most audacious attempts to "fix" a race ever conceived in this country. The fixers had it arranged to win nearly $60,000, it is said, when Judge Campau aroused the threats of the "gang" by making an attempt to put the horses through on their merits. Seven hard-fought heats were trotted in the race. The last heat was a serious one for Domestic. He coolied off too quickly, and before the race was finished was sick from the effects of influenza. He was left at Hauntramack in the charge of a veterinary surgeon. His complaint developed into laminitis—inflammation of the "quick" of the forward feet, and has excited the liveliest attention on the part of veterinarians. It also resulted in the development of a remarkable heroic spirit in the afflicted animal. Within ten days' suppuration began, and within three or four weeks the hoofs of the forward feet were taken entirely off, leaving the lamina exposed. Never did a human being bear up more bravely under intense suffering than did this plucky little animal. When the hoofs were removed he put his leg out so that the operation might be made.

For four weeks while Domestic lay in his stall with his feet tied up in cotton he would reach out his head to take his medicine with surprising intelligence. His attendants rolled him about at their will in attending to his case without the slightest resistance on his part, he seeming to understand that it was all for his own good. The extreme care that was taken of him will be better understood when it is known that his owner had a standing offer of $10,000 for him, and would not have taken $220,000 before his sickness. It will be many a day yet before he will be able to get about with his usual gait. He can stand but a few minutes each day, and, although the new hoofs are growing satisfactorily, it will be a year before any attempt will be made to put him in training There is a ridge of bright new horn extending about one inch below the place of starting, and which promises in time to perfectly replace the hoofs that are gone. Below this new horn is the hardened and dry lamina. The case is a very peculiar one, in this much, that the hoofs were removed with the knife. Ordinarily, in cases of this kind, the old hoofs are allowed to be forced off by the new growing horn, but this always results in deformity of the feet.—*Detroit cor. of Globe-Democrat, Nov. 29.*

RABBITS IN NEW ZEALAND.

Little Pests That are Killed by Thousands.

From the New York Sun.

For years back in Australia and New Zealand the owners of stations, as the ranches are called there, have been in the habit of employing "rabbiters" to hunt down and destroy the pest. These men are given guns, ammunition, and a whare, or roughly built hut, to live in. Their "tucker," another colonialism, which means food, is also supplied them by their employer, and, in addition, they are either paid so much a head for each rabbit killed or draw a regular salary. In the former case the price amounts from 2 to 4 cents in our money. The rabbiter has to take off and dry the skin of every rabbit worth it, and turn it over to his employer as evidence of the death of the animal. The market value of these skins there is 4 or 5 cents each, so that the proprietor nearly recoups himself for the pay of the rabbiter. When the pelt is so young that the pelt is worthless, the hunter receives the same pay, but is obliged to produce the ears as evidence of his work. When he rabbits more than a patent to open the wihdows of heaven at the will of man, and Michael Cahill, M. D., of this city, is the inventor.

"I expect to see the sagebrush deserts of Nebraska and Nevada under cultivation and affording pasturage for thousands of cattle in a few years," began the doctor. "Should the government adopt my patent, by its use there need not be an acre of waste land on the whole continent."

"By what extraordinary means do you intend to tap the clouds and interfere with the laws of nature?" queried the reporter.

"Simply by a condenser or captive balloon and an electric cable placed wherever the rain is required. I have long believed that rain could be produced by artificial means, and I have worked at this hobby of mine for several years—ever since I left college, in fact. You see, first of all, vapor, as it ascends, receives heat from the solar rays, which also impels it upward until restricted by the cold. The vesicles, or dewdrops, being crowded together, becomes electrified and float on the air at an attitude of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet, and all that is required then to produce rain is to intercept these vesicles by artificial means. What I have invented is a condenser of peculiar shape and construction, and connected with the earth by an electric cable. Whenever the vesicles come into contact with the condenser or current, they are broken up and the water forced to the ground with great rapidity. The rain will be produced by the same law that causes condensation on a window pane. The surface of the glass is covered with microscopic points, and on becomming chilled, the layer next it falls, allowing the vapor to flow on to the points, and thence to the ground."

"You will require a gigantic balloon for such a purpose," was suggested.

"Oh, no. A condenser of about 100 feet in diameter will bring down something like 25,000,000 gallons a day, or as much as would irrigate almost half of this state. The volume of water can be preserved or formed into rivers, whichever may be desired.

Worth Making Note Of.

Every time I refuse a drink of liquor I am improving my manhood.

Every time I spend a dollar foolishly I am opening a pauper's grave.

Every time I pay rent I am taking so much away from a home of my own.

Every time I speak a kind word I am adding a brick to my temple of manhood.

Every time I buy an article I am encouraging the manufacturer or producer.

Every time I pay a debt I am doing right and helping to put money in circulation.

Every time I refrain from speaking in defense of a friend I prove that I am not a friend.

Every time I speak cross and impetuously I'm weakening my nerve power and adding to the misery of others.

Those who place their hope in another world have in a great measure conquered the dread of death and unreasonable love of life.

Here joys that endure forever fresh and in vigor are opposed to satisfaction, that are attended with satiety and surfeits, and flatter in the very tasting.

The desire of fame betrays an ambitious man into indecencies that lessen his reputation: he is still afraid lest any of his actions should some how be thrown away in private.

The fortitude of a Christian consists in patience, not in enterprises which the poets call heroic, and which are commonly the effects of interest, pride and worldly honor. —*Dry Goods Chronicle*

Tokology the VERY BEST book for women.

CHRISTMAS.

Glad Christmas comes, and every hearth
Makes room to give him welcome now,
E'en want will dry its tears in mirth,
And crown him with a holly bough.

Thou day of happy sound and mirth
That long with childish memory stays,
How blest around the cottage hearth,
I met thee in my younger days!

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

L. S. L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
P. LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!

Over Half a Million Distributed.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 24, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and its Semi-Annual Drawings regularly every six months (June and December).

SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. FIRST GRAND DRAWING, CLASS A, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, January 10, 1888.—212th Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
500 "	100	50,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 Approximation Prizes of	$300	$ 30,000
100 "	200	20,000
100 "	100	10,000
1,000 Terminal	50	50,000
2,179 Prizes, amounting to		$335,000

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addresses to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity; that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

REMEMBER THAT ALL the payment of all Prizes IS GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of one of these Banks; chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

HOW TO MAKE IT RAIN.

Artificial Electricity Arranged to Produce Natural Showers.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

The remarkable powers and adaptability of the electric current to the eyes of society have been further demonstrated by an invention which has at least the charm of novelty. This is nothing more nor less than a patent to open the wihdows of heaven at the will of man, and Michael Cahill, M. D., of this city, is the inventor.

"I expect to see the sagebrush deserts of Nebraska and Nevada under cultivation and affording pasturage for thousands of cattle in a few years," began the doctor. "Should the government adopt my patent, by its use there need not be an acre of waste land on the whole continent."

"By what extraordinary means do you intend to tap the clouds and interfere with the laws of nature?" queried the reporter.

"Simply by a condenser or captive balloon and an electric cable placed wherever the rain is required. I have long believed that rain could be produced by artificial means, and I have worked at this hobby of mine for several years—ever since I left college, in fact. You see, first of all, vapor, as it ascends, receives heat from the solar rays, which also impels it upward until restricted by the cold. The vesicles, or dewdrops, being crowded together, becomes electrified and float on the air at an attitude of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet, and all that is required then to produce rain is to intercept these vesicles by artificial means. What I have invented is a condenser of peculiar shape and construction, and connected with the earth by an electric cable. Whenever the vesicles come into contact with the condenser or current, they are broken up and the water forced to the ground with great rapidity. The rain will be produced by the same law that causes condensation on a window pane. The surface of the glass is covered with microscopic points, and on becomming chilled, the layer next it falls, allowing the vapor to flow on to the points, and thence to the ground."

"You will require a gigantic balloon for such a purpose," was suggested.

"Oh, no. A condenser of about 100 feet in diameter will bring down something like 25,000,000 gallons a day, or as much as would irrigate almost half of this state. The volume of water can be preserved or formed into rivers, whichever may be desired.

Worth Making Note Of.

Every time I refuse a drink of liquor I am improving my manhood.

Every time I spend a dollar foolishly I am opening a pauper's grave.

Every time I pay rent I am taking so much away from a home of my own.

Every time I speak a kind word I am adding a brick to my temple of manhood.

Every time I buy an article I am encouraging the manufacturer or producer.

Every time I pay a debt I am doing right and helping to put money in circulation.

Every time I refrain from speaking in defense of a friend I prove that I am not a friend.

Every time I speak cross and impetuously I'm weakening my nerve power and adding to the misery of others.

Those who place their hope in another world have in a great measure conquered the dread of death and unreasonable love of life.

Here joys that endure forever fresh and in vigor are opposed to satisfaction, that are attended with satiety and surfeits, and flatter in the very tasting.

The desire of fame betrays an ambitious man into indecencies that lessen his reputation: he is still afraid lest any of his actions should some how be thrown away in private.

The fortitude of a Christian consists in patience, not in enterprises which the poets call heroic, and which are commonly the effects of interest, pride and worldly honor. —*Dry Goods Chronicle*

Tokology the VERY BEST book for women.

CHRISTMAS.

Glad Christmas comes, and every hearth
Makes room to give him welcome now,
E'en want will dry its tears in mirth,
And crown him with a holly bough.

Thou day of happy sound and mirth
That long with childish memory stays,
How blest around the cottage hearth,
I met thee in my younger days!

**Hood's Sar

TOLEDO Household.

THURSBOUTON . . . . EDITOR

Cheap estate

ME TALKS.

TOLTEN ANCIENT PEOPLE.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

It has become so much a habit of thought in these days to view the progress which has been made in the arts of civilization, as something infinitely greater than that of any other period of the world; to look upon the present way of living as better and more refined than that of ancient people; to imagine that the purity of thought and integrity of principle to which the family training of to-day leads is so far beyond that of centuries agone, that it is almost a shock to find that nations have lived here upon our own continent, who would challenge a favorable comparison with ourselves in everything pertaining to the home, and to the domestic relations. Of course, that was only a superficial view, resulting from a lack of knowledge, for it is; but recently that explorations have been made which give definite information regarding these former denizens of this country, who have been so long dwellers in the beyond that even their names are strange, except to those thoughtful readers who eagerly follow every discovery which is made in the regions of a dead past, out of which comes not a single echo.

I have been recently much interested in a book written by a Frenchman, M. Charnay, who has spent years in studying the remains of the ancient civilization of Central America, beginning with the uplands of Mexico, where first the Toltecs found a home, and then tracing them step by step as they reached their highest development while spreading over the other parts of the country. So far away as the year 700, he thinks they came from the distant East, and settled down in the valley of Tula and upon the wide plateaus by which it is surrounded.

Eighty miles north of the City of Mexico is the city of Tula, where M. Charnay began his explorations. It was one of the oldest of all the Toltec states, and the capital of what was once a mighty empire. Here he unearthed a complete house, and strange to say, it was not so very different from those we build to day. There was broad entrance into what seemed like a great hall, from which various apartments of different sizes were reached. These rooms were, however, arranged upon different levels instead of on one like our own, the floor of the highest being eight feet above that of the lowest. This seemed to be a general rule, as the same thing was true of a palace which was unearthed later. The walls were perpendicular and the roofs flat, and there were winding staircases upon the outside that led from the lowest apartments to the highest. Inside were steps going from room to room. In the inner apartments, the flooring was of a red cement, and, in fact, this cement was used everywhere, "whether for roofs, ceilings, floors, pavements or roads."

The walls were decorated with paintings of various objects, such as rosettes, palms, and geometrical figures, in red, white and gray, but there was nothing to show whether the women had developed a love for, or skill in, the arts or not. Ornaments were found, what we to-day might class as bric-a-brac, such as vases, enamelled terra-cotta cups, seals, some of which were very like old Japanese china, and various other things that showed a love for home decoration. It is possible that they had fine draperies, scarfs, etc., such as add to the brightness and beauty of modern furnishing, but there was nothing left after all the centuries to show whether this was so or not; nothing to tell whether the Toltec women were deft in the use of the needle or not. There is one thing that leads to the thought that it was possible, and that is the fine and delicate embroidery which covered the robes of the great lords and distinguished soldiers. That they were obliged to wash dishes is evident from the finding of plates and cups, and other articles of the kind. That they could spin and weave is shown by the terra cotta whorls with spindles, which are similar to those for that purpose that have been discovered in the ancient remains in Egypt and around the Swiss lakes.

Those who find enjoyment in tennis to-day will be interested to know that the Toltecs played the game, with probably the same zest as do they, for a tennis court with the rings in place was discovered, and undoubtedly the amusement had its origin with this people. Certainly, the finding of the court disproves the idea which has been entertained, that it originated with the Mexicans. Whether the tennis costume was similar to that worn now upon the grounds or not, there are no means of telling. Perhaps it might be found that they could give us some lessons in dress reform.

To me, the light thrown upon their home life and customs was the most interesting of all else that comes from M. Charnay's discoveries. There seemed to be a great love existing between the parents and their children, and the former exhibit wisdom as well as tenderness in their treatment of the youthful boys and girls. When a Toltec maiden was about to enter society, she was not encouraged to try to outshine her companions in dress and show, but her father admonished her,—using such endearing terms as "daughter mine, my precious, my beloved child,"—to preserve simplicity in her manners and conversation, to be neat in attire and cleanly in person, to be modest, faithful, true, and obedient to her husband, the last admonition showing that the doctrine of equal rights was not a part of the Toltec civilization.

The mother's advice, which followed, began with these touching sentences: "My beloved daughter, my little dove, you have heard the words which your father has told you. They are precious words, such as are rarely spoken, and which have proceeded from his heart." And then she goes on to give her lessons in the behavior which should characterize a true woman, lessons which differ very little from those given by the wise mothers of the present.

The terrible punishment which was suffered by the wife who was unfaithful to her husband is intimated in these words: "In this world it is necessary to live with prudence and circumspection. See that you guard yourself carefully and free from stain, for should you give your favor to another who is not your husband, you would be ruined past all recall, since for such a crime they will kill you," etc. The advice to sons is equally full of wisdom and true morality.

From the representations which have been found of the feminine dress in those days, it is very evident that the Toltec women, civilized as they might be in regard to questions of morality, had not reached the refining (?) influences of the corset. A loose flowing robe, short, and by no means shaped like the modern garment at the waist, constituted the outward attire.

The marriage seemed to be an occasion of as great festivity and rejoicing as it is to-day. Friends and relatives were invited from far and near; the walls of the apartment in which the ceremony was to take place were trimmed with flowers and evergreens; and tables and brackets, for they had both, were decked with drooping vines and fragrant blossoms. A bright fire burned upon the hearth in the middle of the room, and on its right sat the bridegroom upon an elevated seat; at the left, the bride—upon the floor—another evidence that the equal rights of the sexes were unknown. The "marriage maker," as he was called, then addressed the pair, reminding them of their mutual duties in life, and at the termination of the speech, they were given new cloaks—why cloaks is not explained—following which congratulations were in order from friends, who, "as they came up, each threw some perfume upon the hearth." Then the happy pair were crowned with chaplets of flowers, and the day ended with dancing, music and refreshments.

Reading of all these things, the trite old saying that "there is nothing new under the sun" comes with redoubled force to one's mind. Certainly they prove that the principles of true living, the teachings of a high morality, the belief that in the home and out of it, honesty, faithfulness, and truth were essential, governed the civilization of that people, and they go to fix still more deeply what is the truth, that these principles are older than the hills, which seem eternal. And the Toltec believed, too, that heaven was a resting place for the weary, "a perpetual spring amidst fields of yellow maize, verdure and flowers," a home where all was joy and peace forever.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

Useful Banner.—Cut out a piece of plush or satin, or some cheaper material will do, such as linen, and perhaps would be better. Have it 18 ins. one way and 14 the other. Line it with some pretty color of whatever material will accord best with the outside. Put in an inner-lining of some stiff material. Cut the lower end in three points, to which is attached fancy tassels. The points may be embroidered. Put on a row of pockets above the points, using a straight piece of the material, and dividing it into three parts by two perpendicular lines of stitching. This piece should be long enough to allow a little fullness to each pocket. Make it about 21 inches long and five inches wide.

Above these make smaller pockets, as many as is desired. Finish the upper edges of all the pockets with fancy stitches.

Turn a broad hem over for the rod and upon this, work in fancy colors the lettering. "A Friend in Need." Put cord and tassels upon the rod to hang it up by.

This banner is convenient to use for twine, small scissors and little things which might be needed in an emergency. It may be made more or less elaborate as the maker chooses.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration" will be found useful even when Christmas is over. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, Ohio, and get one.—Ed.

Outline Books.—In addition to the directions for painting, I will give my way of making painting books for the children to color: Either get a block of drawing paper and fasten together in the form of a book, or take loose sheets of drawing paper and make a book the size wanted Now collect all the outline designs you can, and if you are unable to draw, get a sheet of black transfer paper and transfer the designs from that to the book. Then go over each design with black ink. The designs are now ready for the youthful artist to color.

It is a delightful pastime for children in stormy weather, and is the first step toward painting. To a child just recovering from an illness, it is one of the most interesting of pastimes. Cards can be outlined for them, and the little ones can in this way manufacture their own Christmas, New Year, or birthday cards to send to their friends. In preparing a color box for children, it is best to get small-sized bottles, and either make or procure a box that will just hold them, then give each bottle firmly into the box. Put a tiny label around the neck of each bottle. There will be little danger of the colors being upset when the bottles are fastened in this way.—M. M.

Decoration Work on Fabrics, King Stork in Oil and Lustra Colors.—Lustra painting has a charm all its own. There is an iridescence of coloring which is extremely rich and handsome, whether applied to plush, velvet, satin, satin sheeting, ribbed silk, linen, or many other materials of a more delicate and flimsy texture. Its effects, in combination with oil colors, are admirably shown in large designs. The best mixer for using the mix oil colors for plush or velvet work is "Megilp," a few drops of which added to each color makes it much easier to apply. Red sable brushes are the best, using for a general class of work Nos. 2, 4 7, 9 and 12. The lustre colors needed for this design would be rich gold, silver and steel. The oil colors, Mourier's tube oil colors, used for this design, are perfect, they are brilliant, durable in color, and less expensive on an average than the Winser & Newton. Of these colors chrome green, light perfect yellow, white, cobalt green and permanent blue. Chinese vermillion will be required for this design which is numbered 2396. One yard of goods is also necessary, and a large pine board, planed very smooth. This should be placed nearly and firmly before beginning to stamp the pattern. Use white powder to do the stamping, and set the stamping by holding wrong side of the goods in front of a brisk fire. Attach to board again after setting the stamping.

A large sized common pen with holder will be needed to do the feathering on the bird proper. The bill and head needs no feathering but flat painting done with the No. 7 brush. Use white to which a very little black has been added. Have a little silver lustre mixed with pale drying oil, and with this paint the head. As the neck approaches the body, mix a little of the steel lustra, and let the white paint on the neck blend into this. The end of the tail may be painted with first a stroke of steel and then a stroke of silver. The circle around the eye is made with the steel lustra. The eye itself is made with the yellow oil paint. The wings and back of the bird is painted white. Take the white paint out, mixing a very little megilp with it. It should be said that a small bottle of pale drying oil is needed with which to mix the lustra colors. Now take up some of the white on your pen, shovel fashion, place the point of the pen down on the goods, hold firmly and draw towards you. This makes the feather stroke. When this feathering is entirely dry, retouch the feathering with gold lustra, using the No. 2 brush. Do not mix much lustra at a time; all lustra colors dry very rapidly.

Make the bill, legs and feet of vermillion, using a little yellow on the tip of each claw. A narrow dividing line of yellow runs through the bill; make this with the No. 2 brush, using the yellow. Paint the leaves, using brush No. 7, with the two shades of green, mixing your paint with a little megilp.

Paint the lily petals with white, and those that rest down on the water with green; the calyx and outside of the bud should also be painted with green. The ferny spray and the long leaves coming up out of the water, should be made with green with a little yellow shaded in. Let the lilies and leaves dry before attempting to paint the water. The way to dry; this work is to place it in a cool, airy room it will take about 24 hours to dry. For the water mix equal parts of white, blue and just a touch of green. Put the water on in smooth, even strokes, mixing a little megilp with your paint. Questions answered, and a full catalogue of choice stamping patterns, adapted to painting or embroidery, sent on receipt of 4 cents postage.—Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson, Winchester, Randolph county, Ind.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog., purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; chst, chain stitch; c l ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; s c, short crochet.

Antique Insertion.—Like "Sparkle" I can't hold my peace, (my piece of lace) any longer. I knitted enough lace from the antique pattern to trim an apron, so wanting a pattern of insertion to match, I made it. Not understanding my business very well, it was quite tedious. I felt so rejoiced at my success, like a good woman of old, I want to call in all my neighbors to rejoice with me. Cast on 13 stitches: 1st row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—p 1—k 2; 2d row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 4—o—n—p 1—k 2; 3d row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—p 1—k 2; 4th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 4—o—n—p 1—k 2; 5th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—p 1—k 2; 6th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 4—o—n—p 1—k 2; 7th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—p 1—k 2; 8th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 4—o—n—p 1—k 2; 9th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—p 1—k 2; 10th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 4—o—n—p 1—k 2; 11th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—p 1—k 2; 12th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—k 4—o—n—p 1—k 2.—Cricket.

Crocheted Lace.—Make a chain the desired length. 1st row—(a) two single crochets in two foundation chain, 7 chain, miss 3 chain. Repeat (a) to end of row; break thread. 2d row—(b) five short crochets in first loop formed by 7 chain, 4 chain, 4 short crochets in same loop, 4 chain, 5 short crochets in same loop, 2 short crochets in the two single crochets of last row. Repeat from (b) to end of row and break thread. 3d row—(c) two single crochets in the two middle stitches of scallop, 7 chain. Repeat from (c) to end of row; repeat second and third rows five times. 14th row—(a) five short crochets in a loop of 7 chain, 4 chain, 4 short crochets in same loop, 4 chain, 5 short crochets in same loop, 2 short crochets in the two single crochets Repeat from (d) once. 5 short crochets in next loop, 4 chain, 2 short crochets in same loop; turn work, 7 chain, 2 single crochets in middle stitches of next scallop, 7 chain, 1 single crochet in middle of next scallop; turn work, 5 short crochets in first loop of 7 chain, 4 chain, 4 short crochets in same loop, 4 chain, 5 short crochets in same loop, 2 short crochets in two single crochets, 5 short crochets in next loop of 7 chain, 4 chain, 2 short crochets in same loop; turn work, 7 chain, 1 single crochet in middle of next scallop; turn work, 5 short crochets in the loop of 7 chain, 2 short crochets, 4 chain, 2 short crochets in same loop, 4 chain, 2 short crochets in same loop, 4 chain, 5 short crochets in same loop, 2 short crochets in the loop below, 4 chain, 5 short crochets in same loop, 2 short crochets in the next loop below, 4 chain, 5 short crochets in same loop, 2 short crochets in next two single crochets. Repeat from beginning of 14th row. On top of lace work a row of one long crochet, one chain, miss one stitch.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—And who are they who should be educated physically, mentally, morally and religiously. Who are they who must be nourished, cherished, shielded, guarded, guided and judiciously restrained, and led carefully by firm hands on the way. They are those who are following the men and women of to-day, treading in their footprints, "close behind them, close beside them;" for they will be men and women and act their part in the world's great drama. They are those who must soon fill the places of their guides and counselors, those who must soon bury their parents, guardians, leaders and teachers, with bowed heads, tear dimmed eyes and aching hearts, and true worthies the dusty highway, and busy thoroughfares of human life, and toil on, while the brightness is passing from their lives, when the earth seems cold and dark, and heaven far away. * * * The obligations resting upon the generation now passing on to the "eternity yet to be," to work for those following so near, are binding as heaven can make them. Must they go out into the world so many tongued and one-sided, and attempt to engage in the active duties of life, only to become pitiable failures from ignorance? In such case would not the blame rest entirely upon those who had neglected or ignored their plainest and most important duties? The coming generation must be educated; and what is done must be done quickly, for you are on a journey in which there is no stop nor stay. You will go this way but once. You will not pitch your tents again in the same place, and you cannot return the way that you have once passed to make correction, or to repair mischief that you may have done. The work is a mighty work, and if those upon whom the responsibility rests sit idly and allow the young to grow up in ignorance of what is due to themselves, to society and to God, they may look upon their skirts for the blood of the slain.

Those who have no children of their own sometimes think that there is nothing for them to do, but the children and they will not move a hand to help forward the work nor speak a word to comfort and encourage those who are bearing the burden of educating and training the young.

No one should entertain such an idea, for it is an erranous idea. The children are Christ's children. Jesus of Nazarath has a claim upon the children of this world where He was once a child; and if you forget His claims He will not remember you. The world should be better for your having lived in it. You should leave your impress upon the age. You should ably and faithfully serve the generation in which you live, that when you die you may have left a record that will be a living epitaph. There are street-arabs. And life is so full of intense meaning, so full of possibilities for good, so fraught with weal and woe, that there is no room for a drone on all the emerald crowned earth; and such can find no excuse whilst trumpet-toned duty is ever calling, and there is work to do everywhere.

"If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere."

And it is the duty of each human soul to find a proper field of labor. Said Talmage, when speaking of the training of children, How many blunders we do make." How true. Had all those persons, who are now at mid-life, been properly trained would the world have been what it is at the present time?

I only mention that fact, having no disposition whatever to censure those who have gone before, in any case. I heard a minister say once that if the present generation did as well as the past had done, they would have to be great improvement. They, the men and women of this generation would have to improve, if they did as well as those of the past generation, seemed to be his honest opinion, and I believed him. There were honest men and honest women to be found plentiously in the generation now passing away; and they were faithful workers, but the work was too great for them. They did what for them they could do, and if those who are following them will take up the work which has fallen from their dead hands, they too, will find more than they are able to do; for the work is so great, so far reaching, its influence so potent that the more you do the more you will see yet to be done. And the errors, the mistakes, the blunders will doubtless be many, and the evils resulting from them will crop out here and there to mortify even the conscientious, efficient worker.—Moss Rose, Science Hill, Pulaski Co., Ky.

GOOD BYE—How familiar to all are these two little words. "Good Bye." how frequently are they used? Who, indeed, has not used them? None, I dare say. But stop a moment and consider what those words mean—"Good be with you" is the meaning expressed by them, and they are not to be lightly spoken. How natural it is for us, when parting from those we love, to say "Good Bye." But do we always think what we should mean by it? No, I fear we do not, as we would not say it laughingly as we often do. We should never say it to be saying something, not because it is necessary to make use of some expression when separating from friends, nor because it is customary; for we often do wrong in even complying with conventionalities. When we say "Good Bye," it should come, fraught with meaning, from the deepest recesses of the heart, the tone of our voice, our expressive features, all, all should convey to the understanding of those to whom we address these words, that we mean what we say; that it is the language of our hearts, and not mearly of our mouths. Do you ask why we should be so particular? I answer, because it is a prayer, and our prayers should come from our hearts.

Remember, that a heart-felt good by is the greatest blessing that we can ask for the ones from whom we part, inasmuch as, in that we ask the Almighty to be with them continually.

But, oh, how hard it is sometimes for us to say good bye; not because it is not the language of our hearts, but because of the circumstances implied by the expression, namely: the parting of friends. When friends separate they have no assurance that they will ever meet again in this world; true, they may appoint a time of meeting, and express a determination of meeting at that time; but have they any knowledge that they will be spared to see each other at the appointed time? Alas they have none; for while they may possibly after days or long and weary years of waiting, again meet, they may never more meet on earth.

When we part, then, with the face of the dead, we know that we shall never more meet them on earth: about that there can be no uncertainty; we know that our next meeting with them will be far removed from the scenes of this life. But with the living we may meet, it is possible, but we know not when, nor is it for us to know; we must make the best use of the present for it is all the time that we can call our own, the future belongs to God.

Sometimes when thinking of separating from living loved ones our feelings are drawn to such a passion, not to speak, but when "Good Bye" is said it brings a great relief to us for the scenes are then over.

I think, because of the uncertainty hanging over the chances of meeting again with those from whom we separate while living, that such a parting is more solemn than taking our last look at the dead, and, for my part, I could say that parting from living friends causes a greater degree of sadness in my heart than the presence of the dead can possibly produce. Let us be careful in uttering our "good-byes," and let us leave with those to whom we address them the impression that we are praying for them.—R. E. Evesquil.

A WORD OF APPROVAL.—I have this moment finished reading, and with pleasure, the editor's article in the BLADE of November 24, "Is it Innate Depravity."

When I was small, I was very much shocked by the cruelty of two little boys, neighbors of ours. Even as a child, being of a philosophical turn, I used to try and explain the unlovely delight they manifested in the agony of creatures, especially of kittens, that came within their power. Forty years have passed since one of those boys was laid in the grave. The other grew to manhood. Looking back to their lives, I will explain the circumstances that made them exceptionally cruel.

A seamstress who often worked in the family says says that when the boys were 3 and 5 years of age, they would abuse kittens by the hour, at their fond mother's very feet, without one word of disapproval from her. The seamstress, bearing the sight as long as she could, finally arose, and snatching the kitten away put it beyond their reach.

The father was a professional butcher, and his example to the boys was doubtless unhealthful. The mother was an intensely selfish woman, and at the time of which I speak, was going into a decline, and quite likely did not think much about anything but herself. It has seemed to me that if the mother had not been a cruel woman herself, and had, at this tender age of her boys, told them of the wrong of cruelty to man and beast, their lives would have started out very differently.

The mother soon died, and the father went from home nearly every day to do the neighborhood butchering, leaving the little boys to their own resources. Having once formed the habit of tormenting helpless animals, they made advancements in the bad art with their advancing years. The older one died at about 11 years of age, but before that time their unlovely mastery over the brutes that unhappily came under their control was something very strange. The domestic fowls were so cuffed about and abused by them, that they lost completely the natural instinct of flight, and became droopingly passive in their hands.

In the father's absence the younger son would take the seven hens and rooster on the rungs of his sled and run with them half a mile, and not one of them would dare to stir from its place, being overcome by the most abject fear. It was an exhibition of hard and cruel stolidity on the part of the fowls, the exact opposite of true education. I have never seen the like of it anywhere.

The nation has everything to fear from men and women who delight in cruelty to dumb animals. The step to the cruelizing of companions is a natural and easy one. The boy of whom I have spoken in his young manhood treated young women with such selfishness, insincerity and worse than cruelty, as might have been expected from one who delighted in tormenting helpless brutes.

Now all of this wickedness was the result, first of inherited tendencies; second, the example of the father; third, the very culpable negligence of the mother, and fourth, the general unhealthful tendency of their surroundings in their later childhood.

I have not had many opportunities to observe the developement of cruel dispositions. Perhaps they all develop in the same bad way.—O. Howard.

INQUIRIES.

"Roxy," I have failed to see your recipe for mocking bird food. Send for publishing, or to F. C., Box 111, Swanton, Ohio.

"Georgia" wants to know how many stitches it takes to knit a toboggan seamed of Saxony yarn for a grown person.

I was particularly interested in the emergency drawer and would like, if it is acceptable, to add a few things in future. Would like the address of Barbara Allen, or of the correspondent from Walla Walla Valley, as we think of going West in the spring.—A. B.

The HOUSEHOLD will be glad to have the additional information for emergency drawer.—Ed.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD send the old style pattern of princess dress for a little girl of ten years to the address below, and I will send them the necessary postage? I would like to get the pattern very much, and I cannot get such a pattern here. Miss Lou V. Johnson, Prospect Park, Dupage Co., Ill.

Will some one send me some recitations for literary societies and school entertainments? I would like especially the one entitled, "Neighbors," commencing:

"What's that a coming up the path,
Run, Betsey Jane, and see."

If K. C. Parks will address me I will send her the directions for Star stitch. I would send them to the BLADE but they have been published before.—Lina Arlington, Postville, Ia.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"Subscriber," if you are engaged to the young lady, and it has been made public, or you desire it to be, it is perfectly proper for you in case of the death of her mother to attend with her the funeral services, and sit with the family. Otherwise, go to the funeral as other friends do.

C. M. Robinson, Pottsville, N. Y.: The legend of the mistletoe bough, is of the betrothal of the Baron's daughter. In the midst of the festivities she disappears, and cannot be found, although the castle is searched thoroughly. Years and years after, a party of gay young people, searching for ancient robes, came to an old chest in an apartment never used. It was forced open, and the skeleton of what was once the beautiful young maiden was found therein. It was supposed that she hid herself for fun, and the spring-lock closed her in forever.

"Ida," a walking-dress is in much better taste to wear to a hotel table, although it depends upon the character or style of your wrapper as to whether it should be worn or not.

The servant arranges the breakfast upon the table when sent to your room, and then leaves unless you desire his further attendance.

It is a matter of small importance which gives the order from the bill-of-fare.

Use your own common sense and keep your eyes open and you will have no trouble in behaving properly at a fashionable hotel. These little things are matters of tact directed by observation.—Ed.

In reply to E. D. S., in BLADE December 8, I wish her and all similarly afflicted to try this: ½ lb. figs chopped fine; add ½ oz. of sulphur and 1 oz. of senna leaves pulverized; mix thoroughly and roll into rolls like sticking salve. For an adult, eat from ½ to 1 inch at night. In bad cases, night and morning. Should the mixture be too dry to hold together, add a teaspoonful of molasses. If too moist dip the hands in flour to roll it in rolls.—Mary.

To the sister with nursing sore mouth, try a wash made as follows: 1 handful of privet leaves, 1 handful of sage, 1 handful of black currant bark, 1 handful of blackberry roots (dewberry) is best, a piece of alum the size of a shell-bark hickory nut when hulled, cook together in water enough to cover the barks, etc., till the strength is out of them, strain and sweeten with honey; wash the mouth three or four times a day. Can use it without being sweetened. Of the black currant take the bark between the wood and outside bark.—Aunt Sue.

RECIPES.

Graham Pudding.—Two cupfuls Graham flour; 1 cupful sweet milk; 1 cupful molasses; ½ teaspoonful salt; 1 teaspoonful soda; 1 cupful chopped raisins. Steam three hours.—A Subscriber.

Pineapple Pie.—1 pineapple, its weight in sugar; half its weight in butter; 1 cupful of sweet cream; 5 eggs; beat the butter to a creamy froth; add the sugar and beaten yolks of the eggs; continue beating until very light; add cream, grated pineapple, and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Bake with under crust only, and eat cold.

Chess Pie.—For 2 pies—4 eggs; ¾ cupful butter; 1 cupful sugar; then beat the yolks and sugar together till the troth is perfect; beat the butter to a creamy froth, unite quickly, and add any desired flavoring. Bake in a rich paste. It will rise very light. As soon as done, have ready a stiff froth of the whites of eggs sweetened and flavored. Spread this over top and return to oven to color delicately. Cut and lay on plates before cooling.—E. R.

Old Fashioned Gingerbread.—Four quarts flour; 1 qt. molasses; ½ lb. butter; 1 tablespoonful ginger; 1 tablespoonful saleratus, dissolved in as little water as possible. Last of all put in 1 even tablespoonful of pulverized alum in ½ a teacupful of boiling water. Roll soft as possible and bake in a quick oven. If patent process flour is used, less will be required. Now I have given you the recipe our grandmothers used in their day, since which time great changes have passed over the spirit of our dreams. Perhaps it is because we are so far behind the times that we can have the very article in the shape of gingerbread so much sought for, for we grind our own flour in the old wind mills our grandfathers ground theirs in two hundred years years ago—if not the one Don Quixote fought one just like it—bake our bread in the old brick ovens they built and used one hundred and twenty years since, and get the best molasses we can, which may cause you trouble from the fact that so many mixtures in the shape of molasses are in circulation.—Mrs. D. D., box 67, E. Hampton, N. Y.

—"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in each case have used Brown's Bronchial Troches, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—*Felix A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.*

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

LINCOLNVILLE, KS.
Ettie Hanstedt
Bessie Evans
Emma Sill
Rosella Alspaugh
Ada Sill
Myrtle Sill
Nettie Sill
Dessie Postma
Floyd Sill
Orson Smith
Ada Smith
Ella King
Virgil Postma
Melvin Alspaugh
Ella Williams
Emma King
May Kaiser
Della Gilbert
Eva Alspaugh
Flora Wight
J. Gilbert
Richel Gilbert
Charley Kaiser
Iva Gilbert
Floyd Lewis
Edwin Alspaugh
Kenny Wight
Carrie Lewis
Thos Pope
PECKTON, IND.
Wm G Stewart
Willie D Mattile
Ed Fletcher
Charlie Bennet
DALEVILLE, IND.
Albert Sullivan
Otto Sullivan
Rollie Cummins
Willie Richman
Willie Helvie
TIFFANY, WIS.
Gevia Smith
Hattie Smith
John Bradt
Leland Schenck
Arthur Schenck
MILLARD, WIS.
Minnie Johnson
BANCROFT, (N. STATE.)
Myra Place
Maud Miller
Bertha Crane
Victor Carlson
Nina Smith
Nellie Hiltsley
Wesley Parks
John Kirker
Melvine Buck
Claud Lewis
Claud Sugden
M Underwood
Charles Allen
C Granger
JOHNSTON, KAS.
Nellie Crumborn
John Alfred
Frank Johnson
Herald Johnson
Emmel Nelson
Gust Johnson
Jennie Shay
Maude Shay
Maud Fisher
Lottie Fisher
Ester Tillman
Edith Rahmberg
Wal er Shay
Anna M Helin
Hilma Helin
Emily Hokansan
Emma Nelson
Hoang Westman
Sam Larson
Willie W Fisher
Lydia Tillman
Tilde Hokansan
Edith Westman
Victor Larson
John O Larson
Gust A Larson
LINDSBORG, KAN.
Frank E Johnson
HARBOR SPRINGS, MICH.
Edith Bennett
Eva Bennett
Harry Bennett
Lucy Bennett
Arvilla Bennett
George Bennett
Frankie M Miller
Cora Brooks
BOLING, KAN.
Mary Root

Names this week, 95. Total 21,294.

The above embraces all names received up to December 22.

THE TONGUE INSTRUCTED.

Guard well thy lips; none can know
—Prov. xiii, 3,

What evils from the tongue may flow;
—James iii, 5, 6.

What gilf, what grief may be incurred
—Judges xi, 35.

By one incautious, hasty word.
—Mark vi, 22, 27.

Be "slow to speak;" look well within,
—James i, 19.

To check what there may lead to sin;
—James i, 26.

And pray unceasingly for aid,
—Colossians iv, 3.

Lest, unawares, thou be betrayed.
—Luke xxi, 34.

"Condemn not, judge not"—not to man
—James iv, 2.

Is given his brother's faults to scan;
—1 Cor. iv, 5.

The task is thine, and thine alone,
—Matt. vii, 2.

To search out and subdue thine own.
—John viii, 7.

Indulge no murmurings; O, restrain
—1 Cor. x, 10.

Those lips so ready to complain;
—Lam. iii, 22

And, if they can be numbered, count
—Psalm ciii.

Of one day's mercies the amount.
—Lem. iii, 23.

Shun vain discussion, trifling themes;
—Titus iii, 9.

Dwell not on earthly hopes and schemes.
—Deut. vi, 4-7.

Let words of wisdom, meekness, love,
—James iii, 13.

Thy heart's true renovation prove.
—Luke vi, 45.

Set God before thee; every word
—Genesis xii, 1.

Thy lips pronounce by him is heard;
—Psalm cxxxiv, 4.

O, couldst thou realize this thought,
—Matt. xii, 36.

What care, what caution would be taught!
—Luke xii, 3.

"The time is short," the day may be
—1. Cor. vii, 29.

The very last resigned to thee.
—Eph. v, 16.

So speak, that shouldst thou ne'er speak more
—Rev. xxii, 9,

Thou mayst not this day's words deplore.
—Rom. xiv, 12.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AND CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Among all the days we celebrate Christmas stands first and foremost in our thoughts, the holiday of holidays. Coming in the season of frost and snow it brings a cheering warmth to our hearts that defies the icy atmosphere, and the feeling of kindliness and good will toward everyone, which it awakens, seems in response to the words the angels sang on our first Christmas, "On earth peace, good will toward men."

Christmas is not merely a day set apart for feasting, giving and receiving presents, and for merrymaking. The day on which we celebrate the birth of our Lord is a time of rejoicing for rich and poor alike, and Christmas is Christmas still, although we may receive and can offer no presents and our feast is humble indeed.

Feeling this, let us keep the Christmas festival as it should be kept, right happily and merrily. Let us decorate our homes to the best of our ability in honor of the day, and supply all deficiencies with happy hearts and smiling faces.

A friend of the writer's once remarked, as she busied herself with some Christmas-cards she was preparing to send to the hospitals, "I always like to tie a sprig of evergreen on each card; it looks and smells so Christmasy." And so it does. Even a few pieces of evergreen, tucked out of doorways or branching out from behind picture frames, give a room a festive, Christmas-like appearance that nothing else can, and as evergreens are so plentiful here in America there are few houses that need be without their Christmas decorations. Holly, too, with its brilliant red berries peeping cheerily forth from their shelter of prickly leaves, adds brightness to the glittering adornments, and when the white-berried mistletoe can also be obtained all the time honored materials for the Christmas decorations are supplied.

Though we are Americans, our ancestors came from many nations, and we have therefore a right to claim to any custom we may admire in other countries. We may take our Christmas celebrations from any people who observe the day and combining many, evolve a celebration which in its variety will be truly American.

From Germany we have already taken our Christmas-tree; from Belgium our Christmas-stocking; Santa Claus hails from Holland, and old England sends us the cheery greeting, Merry Christmas!

The custom the French children have of ranging their shoes on the hearth-stone on Christmas-Eve for the Christ-child to fill with toys or sweetmeats, is too much like our own Christmas stocking to offer any novelty. The Presepio, or Holy Manager, of the Roman Catholic countries, which represents the Holy Family at Bethlehem, with small wooden or wax figures for the characters, is more suitable for the church celebration, but in Sweden and Denmark they have a peculiar method of delivering their Christmas-presents which we might adopt to our advantage, for it would be great fun to present some of our gifts in their novel manner.

Instead of adopting this custom we will tell you just how to carry it out and will call it the Julklapp, which in Denmark and Sweden means Christmas-box or gift.

Before Christmas-day arrives all the presents intended for the Julklapp delivery must be prepared by enclosing them in a great many wrappings of various kinds, none of which should in any way suggest their contents.

If one of the presents is a pretty trinket, wrap it up in a fringed tissue paper, such as is used for motto candy or sugar-kisses; place it in a small box, and tie the box with narrow ribbon; then do it up in a common, rough brown paper, and wrap the package with strips of cloth until it is round like a ball; cover the ball with a thin layer of dough, and brown in the oven. Pin it up in a napkin, wrap in white wrapping paper and tie with a pink string.

The more incongruous the coverings, the more suitable they are for the Julklapp. You may enclose other gifts in bundles of hay, rolls of cotton wool, and use your own pleasure in choosing the inner wrappings. It will be the wisest plan to always use something soft for the outside covering, the reason of which you will understand when the manner of delivery is explained. Each package must be labelled with the name of the person for whom it is intended and if an appropriate verse, epigram, or proverb be added it will be the cause of fresh mirth and laughter.

The Julklapp delivery may and probably will commence very early Christmas morning, for the little folks, always early risers on this day, will no doubt be up betimes, and ready for the business of the day. The first intimation the less astute inmates of the family will have that Christmas has dawned, will be a loud bang at the chamber door, followed by a thump of something falling on the bed or the sleeper's chest. Then springing up and opening startled eyes, from which all sleep has been thus rudly banished, one will probably discover a large bundle of something on the bed or lying on the floor close beside it. It will be useless to rush to the door to find from whom of where this thing has come, for although a suppressed giggle may be heard outside the door just after feeling the thump, nothing will be met upon opening it, but dead silence, and nothing seen but the empty hall.

At any time during the day or evening the Julklapps may arrive and when all look toward the door, as a loud rap is heard whizz! something comes through the window and lands in the middle of the room. A sharp tap at the window is followed by the opening and closing of the door, and a bundle of straw, wool, paper, or cloth, as the case may be, lands in somebody's lap. In short the Julklapps may come from any and every direction, and when one's least expecting them, and so surprises and excitement are made to last until, weary with the fun and gayety of the day, the tired merrymakers seek their beds on Christmas-night.

If it has not been made plain enough who, or what causes the mysterious arrivals of the Julklapps we will say that the whole household join in the conspiracy, and the packages come from the heads of each of its members. The Polish custom of searching for Christmas gifts, which have previously been hidden in all manner of places in the house, is one the children will delight in, and one that, introduced at a Christmas party, will provoke no end of merriment and fun.

The Bran Pie is an English dish, but is quite as well suited to the American taste. It is an excellent means of distributing trifling gifts and may be new to some of you.

Use a large, deep brown dish for the pie. Put in it a gift for everyone who will be at the Christmas dinner, and cover them over thickly with bran, ornament the top by sticking a sprig of holly in the center. After dinner have the bran pie put on the table with a spoon and plates beside it, and invite everyone to help her or himself, each spoonful bringing out whatever it touches. Comical little articles may be put in the pie, and and the frequent inappropriateness of the gift to the receiver of it, helps to create laughter.

The Bran Pie should be the secret of not more than two persons, for like all things pertaining to Christmas gifts, the greater the surprise, the more pleasure there will be in it.—*The American Girls Handy Book.*

"THE FEAST OF CHERRIES."

The terrible business of war, with its cruelty and suffering, the clash of weapons and dreadful shedding of blood, is something with which little folk might well hope they could have nothing to do. But there was one war in the olden time in which the children not only played an important part, but through them a great city was saved from destruction, and a long and cruel war brought to an end.

Some of you who have traveled may be familiar with the great city of Hamburg, in Germany, and know its

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

W. D. W., Leaf River, Ill.: To raise hops the best soil is a loamy clay, underlaid with limestone, but they may be raised on any land that will produce a crop of corn. The soil should not be a wet one, as standing water is fatal to the plants. The ground should be plowed twelve inches deep, and thoroughly harrowed in the spring manure heavily, plow, cross plow, harrow, and cross harrow until the soil is mellow, and the manure well mixed with it. Decomposed vegetable matter is preferable to barnyard manure. If the soil is destitute of lime, sow a few bushels every year as the plants must have lime. The position when the plants are set out should not be exposed to hard winds. The vines are not propagated by seeds, but by runners or sprouts from old vines. They are called "sets," and may be obtained in any quantity from an old hop yard, and sent by express. The sets should be taken up as soon as the frost leaves the ground, by loosening the earth around them, cutting them off near the main plant, and lifting them out so as to break or bruise them as little as possible. These should be cut in small pieces with two or three eys each. Mark off the field both ways, and make the hills eight or ten feet apart each way. Let these distances be carefully measured, as perfectly straight and uniform rows are of great advantage in after cultivation. Put two spadefuls of dry country manure in the hill, from two to four inches deep, press the earth firmly about them, and mark the place with a stake. The male plants should be set at regular distances of eight hills apart, making from eight to twelve male plants to the acre. They should be distinctly marked, so that they may be known at a glance. Keep the weeds out by means of plow, cultivator and hoe. Any hoed crop may be cultivated between the rows the first year. Corn or potatoes are commonly planted. The system of training the plants was by stakes 16 to 20 feet high, but a better way is, when your plants are three or four inches high set a stake at each hill, eight feet out of the ground. Cheap and durable stakes may be made by sawing any kind of wood one and a quarter inches square, and coated with tar. The tar is a preservation of the wood and offensive to the louse. The first year the vines are trained to the stakes alone. The second year the tops of the stakes are connected by twine and the vines run all over the top of the yard. At the made hills, put a stout, high pole 18 or 20 feet long, and let the male vine run up, so that its pollen may be distributed on the others. About the first week in July, if the vines are dusted with the plaster, it will prevent the ravages of the hop louse. Burn the vines that are cut up in the fall. The work in succeeding years consists in keeping out grass, muds, and worms. In spring, as soon as the ground is sufficiently dry to work, the yard must be grubbed. Hoe the dirt from the hill, without injuring the crown of the root; with a knife cut off the old vines, and any runners that are seen. Never tear them off, but cut them with a hoe. Examine for grubs, and kill all found. Tie the vines as often as any stray from the poles, with soft yarn. This must not be done on a cold day or in the morning, or they will break. When the vines get above the stakes, train them out on the twines, one in each direction, and as they grow long, and fast, and as far as they will. Where the vines are trained on long poles, they must be cut down right in the growing season, in order to pick the hops, but by the horizontal system of training the crop may be reached from the ground. Picking begins as soon as the earliest seeds ripen. It is better to pick it two days too soon than one day too late. When ripe, the seeds become hard and of a purple color. Some portions of the yard will ripen earlier than others. Do not hurry the picking too fast at first, but after a few days put an ample force to secure the crop. The cleaner they are picked the better price they will bring. Curing is done by spreading the hops thinly in the shade and stirring them often enough to prevent heating. When there are large quantities, they can be safely cured in a kiln. Hops should not remain long in the bin or bag after they are picked. The gathering of hops should be when they have acquired a strong scent, at which time the seed becomes firm and brown. This precedes the frosts in September.

JOHN ENTWATER, Dakota: It is said by a farmer who has tried the experiment, that buttermilk poured over the back of a scurvy pig, will entirely and speedily remove the scurf.

SUBSCRIBER, Illinois: The parsnip is a desirable vegetable, as it may be left in the ball over winter, and affords fresh vegetables as soon as the frost is out of the ground in the spring. At that season of the year the free use of the parsnip is beneficial to the system. Its cultivation is the same as for the carrot and other vegetables of its class. Plant in rows one foot apart, and thin to four inches. A half ounce of seed is sufficient for one hundred feet of drill.

Alonzo Burton, Burian county, Ill.: For scours in calves, a raw egg broken into their milk is an effectual remedy. A piece of rennet soaked in milk is also recommended, but the raw egg is nearly always at hand, and meets the complaint equally well.

Frequent Stirring of the Soil.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—At the State Horticultural meeting held in your city last week, there was quite an argument upon the question of frequent stirring of the soil in time of drouth. Some claimed that the continuous cultivation of the soil in hot, dry weather, was the secret of their success in raising large crops of small fruits last season.

Now, in order to get this all-important subject more fully before the farmers of this country, I propose to give my views of it, hoping it may induce others to give theirs. Now, suppose we in a very hot dry day, in time of drouth, take a pitcher of cold water and place it upon the table where the warm atmosphere can come in direct contact with the outside of it. In a short time the pitcher will become covered with moisture, caused by the warm air being condensed by the cold water in the pitcher, so much so that the water will run down the sides of the pitcher.

I take this illustration to show that hot, dry atmosphere can be condensed in the water. Now apply this principle to agricurture, and we will solve the problem why it is best to stir the surface of the ground often in hot, dry weather. In the frequent stirring of the soil it allows the warm air to penetrate the loose soil until it comes in contact with the cold subsoil, and there becomes condensed, leaving the moisture in the fine earth ready to be utilized by the crop thereon.

This condensation is going on all through the 24 hours more or less, but in the heat of the day evaporation carries it up in to the atmosphere, while in the night time it is deposited upon the surface of the ground, and is seen as dew upon the vegetation. When the surface of the ground is hard, this condensed air is evaporated by the early morning sun; but if the soil is fine, and mellow, the condensation takes place in the fine soil and is utilized by it. I would recommend starting the cultivator early in the morning, and keeping the soil thoroughly worked to the depth of two or three inches. I will now throw down the gauntlet and wait to see who will take it up.—G. RAKESTRAW, Whitehouse, December 11, 1887. [Mr. Rakestraw has stated that which we hope may prove an interesting discussion. It is certainly an important subject, and if the farmers and fruit growers will take it up, good results must follow. Let us hear from you, gentlemen.—ED.]

Vineyards in Southwestern France.

A letter in the London *Times* at the vintage season in France, gives the following description of the district in which claret wines are made:

France, notwithstanding all its losses, possesses still the largest area of vineyards in the world, consisting in round numbers of 5,000,000 acres of vines, unsurpassed in value by those of any other wine producing country. Over these 5,000,000 acres at the present moment an amount of almost feverish activity has extended. In Champagne and Burgundy the signal is on the point of being given, while here, in the Medoc, from Bordeaux to Verdon, through a district of some seventy miles in length by two to three miles in breath, on every slope, and extending as far as the eye can hundred picturesquely clod vintagers—including men, women, and little children—all busily occupied from sunrise to sunset in gathering the luscious bunches of fruit which are to be seen clustering on every side, not as with us in England—a few bunches carefully reared in hothouses, but, as an Irish friend remarked, abundant as the favorite vegetable of his native land, hanging in heavy bunches along each side of the road way, without inquiring any proprietor from passers-by. The scene, in truth, presents a very carnival of nature.

But there is a further peculiarity about this district of the Medoc, which has no doubt struck the mind of many a casual observer. Here is a stretch of land, in shape something like a great peninsula, bounded to the north by the Bay of Biscay, on the west by the Atlantic, and on the east by two magnificant rivers—the Gironde and Garonne—both of them in some parts several miles wide, and admitting of the passage right up to Bordeaux of great steamships from all parts of the world, some of them of from 3,000 to 4,000 tons burden.

The banks of these rivers rise in a series of ridges varying from a few feet to ten to fourteen yards in height, and consisting of ancient sea or river beaches composed of sand and pebbles, mixed with a very small proportion of heavy soil, the whole resting upon a tertiary clay. Here and there, indeed, we come upon soil so finely divided as to resemble almost the sand used in an hour-glass. Lying between these sandy slopes and the dunes, or sandhills, which separate the Atlantic from the Medoc, are vast stretches of low lying lands, generally with alluvial soils, and greatly richer in the elements of fertility than the lands situated near the river's bank. These low-lying lands are chiefly devoted to Indian corn, rye and grass; vines being found on them but to a limited extent. In England such land would, no doubt, command a fair rental, while the soils nearer the two rivers would be regarded as almost worthless.

Yet on these light, pebbly soils are situated the most valuable of the vineyards of France. Passing up the river, from the bay of Biscay to Bordeaux, these pebbly slopes are for a fair rental, while the soils nearer the two rivers would be regarded as almost worthless.

Yet on these light, pebbly soils are situated the most valuable of the vineyards of France. Passing up the river, from the bay of Biscay to Bordeaux, these pebbly slopes of the sandhills, mixed more and more with luxuriant vines until thirty or forty miles from the sea, the eye rests upon such world-renowned estates as Chateaux Lantte, Mouton Rothschild, and Latour; while nearing, but yet some twenty miles from Bordeaux, we distinguish Chateau Margaux, surrounded by tall and well-grown trees, and presenting more the appearance of a country residence of some English proprietor than does that of any of the other properties in the Medoc.

On these shingle slopes, again, are produced what many connoisseurs pronounce to be the finest vines in the world; and yet strange to say, this land, some portions of which have been purchased at £1,000 to £500 per acre, would, if placed beneath an English sky, not be worth as many shillings. The vine requires heat, and delights in a loose soil, while its long, far-reaching roots will travel underground almost any distance in search of the soil that it loves.

These conditions of heat and peculiarity of soil constitute the special characteristic of the Medoc. The sun showers its rays abundantly upon the latter, and its heat is stored up by the pebbly stones which constitute the greater portion of the soil, so that long after sunset the gravels in which the vines are rooted remain warm, while the soils in the adjacent prairie lands are cooling rapidly.

The Aroma of Butter.

Prof. Arnold in relation to aroma in butter, formed of volatile oils in the food eaten by cows, in a communication to the *National Live Stock Journal* says:

Every species of herb upon which the cows feed, and, indeed, upon the farm, has more or less volatile oil peculiar to itself, and this oil, when eaten by the cow, is carried into the butter, giving it the flavor and aroma of the mint. Cows do not live on a single variety of herbage. Twenty different kinds are more likely to be found in a single pasture than only one. The mingled oils of all these constitute the aroma of the butter made from their milk, each one having its modifying influence, though some may be distinctly recognized, such, like onions, garlic, or cedar, their influence is greater than that of all the rest.

The kinds of food which furnish the most agreeable aroma are the most desirable for dairy pasture, though they may not yield the most. More people are pleased with the aroma from Kentucky blue grass than with any other, though this grass is regarded as a best food for the dairy. By a little attention every dairyman can determine for himself what food is most available for his herd; and that little attention will impress upon him the fact that if he would make clean flavored butter his cows must not live on garlic, litter or strong-scented weeds. There is another peculiarity about the essential oils in herbage, from which the dairyman may sometimes derive advantage. It is the different degrees of lightness they possess, the rapidity with which their essential oils are evaporated by heat. For instance, the pungant oil of the horseradish is so volatile as to escape in a slight time by exposing the crushed radish to the air; the poisonous oil of the wild parsnip and of ivy escape while the foliage is withering; an offensive oil in green clover, which affects butter unfavorably, escapes while it is drying, so that the dry plants makes a better product than the green. The aroma of turnips, cabbage, onions, etc., are never in a condition to be entirely carried away by drying. But by heating the freshly drawn milk, even these oils can, in many instances, be entirely driven out.

A PANIC AT ROCHESTER.

A Main Sewer Full of Burning Gas and Naptha—Explosions on all Sides—A Fearful State of Affairs.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 22.—The lower end of Main street presented a desolate spectacle to-day. The street was torn up in all directions by the force of the naptha explosion of last evening. The windows of surrounding buildings which escaped the flames were shattered.

A stone from one of the falling buildings was thrown 100 feet through a second story window of one of the factories and shattered a five hundred pound iron wheel. Clouds of smoke and steam are still rising from the ruins.

Portions of detached wall are leaning at seemingly impossible angles, and threatening every moment to fall.

Long smoky icicles hang from every projection, and streams of water from every available source are playing upon the ruins, which are still red hot in places.

It is not probable that the ruins will be cool enough to permit a search for the bodies of any who may have perished before night, or possibly to-morrow.

Even then the search must be attended with great caution on account of the unsupported walls still standing.

The general impression is that there must be several bodies in the ruins.

The explosion occurred in the People's flouring mill, at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and was felt for a long distance.

The cause of the explosion was that the sewers in the vicinity were filled with naphtha. Yesterday 14,000 gallons of naphtha were pumped from the Vacuum oil works through the pipe line in the bed of the old canal. It was intended for the Municipal Gas company, but one or more breaks in the line allowed the naphtha to escape into the adjoining sewers.

When the sewers became surcharged with the gas it escaped into the mills and exploded there or elsewhere, and the fire made its way through the mains into the middle of the streets, throwing out the manhole covers and tearing up the roadways. In the vicinity of the fire and up Mill and state streets as far as Market street, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, people were running in every direction and frequent explosions terrified them the more.

The mill and adjoining buildings took fire, and their falling walls added to the excitement.

The injured will number at least twenty. Most of them are bruised and cut by stones.

The aggregate damage is hard to estimate. The following individual losses are known: Washington mill and contents $80,000, insurance $35,000; Jefferson mill and contents $60,000, insurance $25,000; Clinton mill and contents $75,000, insurance $30,000.

THE SALOON MUST GO.

Local Option Has Won in Nine Michigan Counties—Others Will Follow.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 23.—The anti-saloon Republicans are jubilant over the success attending the local option law. Elections under the law have thus far been held in nine counties, every one of which has given a emphatic majority against the saloon. Barry county rolls up 2,000 majority. The anti-saloon element in Eaton county have called for an election to be held January 24. To the call were attached 4,146 names. Ionia county is moving in the matter, and will hold an election in February 1. In the latter county W. E. Kild, editor of the Democaatic organ, is taking a prominent part in the movement and he is threatened with expulsion from his party. The counties voting for prohibition will be cleaned of their saloons May 1.

STANLEY IS ALIVE.

Further Evidence that the Explorer is Meeting with Success.

LONDON, Dec. 21.—Advices from Zanzibar under date of December 19, state a messenger has arrived from Central Africa, who brings no direct news from Henry M. Stanley, but says it is reported in the country on the eastern side of Lake Nyanza, that Mr. Stanley, after many privations, reached Wadelai, in the early part of September.

The principal difficulty was between the Mabodi country and Wadelai.

Chicago celebrated Christmas by having four persons stabbed, a policeman shot dead, and two aldermen pummeled all out of shape.

DR. TALMAGE ON CHRIST'S BIRTH.

The Significance of the Night Scene in Bethlehem 1,900 Years Ago—How God Honored Brute Creation, Childhood, Science, and Motherhood by the Saviour's Birth.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 25.—Services today at the Brooklyn Tabernacle were jubilant. The thousands of people who packed the churches and all the approaches seemed to join in the great chorus:—

"He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away."

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took as the subject of his sermon, "The Barn and its Surroundings." The text was taken from Luke ii. 15: "The shepherds said one to another, let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which has come to pass." Dr. Talmage said:—

One thousand years of the world's existence rolled painfully and wearily along, and no Christ. Two thousand years, and no Christ. Three thousand years, and no Christ. Four thousand years, and no Christ. "Give us a Christ," had cried Assyrian, and Persian, and Chaldean, and Egyptian civilization. But the lips of the earth and the lips of the sky made no answer. The world had already been affluent of genius. Among poets had appeared Homer, and Thespis, and Aristophanes, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Alexis Æschyius, yet no Christ to fill the poetic figure of the centuries. Among historians had appeared Herodotus, and Xenophon, and Thucydides, but no Christ from whom all history was to date backward and forward—B. C. and A. D. Among conquerors, Camillus, and Manlius, and Regulus, and Xantippus, and Hannibal, and Scipio, and Pompey, and Cæsar, yet no Christ who was to be conqueror of earth and heaven.

But the slow century and the slow year, and the slow month, and the slow hour at last arrived. The world had had matins or concerts in the morning and vespers or concerts in the evening, but now it is to have a concert at midnight. The black window shutters of a December night were thrown open, and some of the best singers of the world where they all sing stood there, and putting back the drapery of cloud chanted a peace anthem, until all the echoes of hill and valley applauded, and encored the hallelujah chorus.

At last the world has a Christ and just the Christ it needs. Come, let us go into that Christmas scene as though we had never before worshipped at the manger. Here is a Madonna worth looking at. I wonder not that the most frequent name in all lands and in all Christian centuries is Mary. And there are Marys in palaces and Marys in cabins, and though German and French and Italian and Spanish and English pronounce it differently, they are all namesakes of the one who bowed on a bed of straw and with her pale face against the soft cheek of Christ in the night of the Nativity. All the great painters have tried on canvas to present Mary and her child and the incidents of that most famous night of the world's history. Raphael in three different masterpieces celebrated them. Christian princes have surpassed themselves in the Adoration of the Magi. Correggio needed to do nothing more than his Madonna to become immortal. The Madonna of the Lily, by Leonardo da Vinci, will kindle the admiration of all ages. Murillo never won greater triumph by his pencil than in his presentation of the Holy Family. The galleries of Dresden are forgotten when I think of the small room of that gallery containing the Sistine Madonna. Yet all of them were copies of St. Matthew's Madonna, and Luke's Madonna, the inspired Madonna of the Old Book, which we had put into our hands when we were infants, and that we hope to have under our heads when we die.

Behold in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the new-born babe. And well might they kneel. Have you ever thought that Christ came among other things to alleviate the sufferings of brute creation? Was it not appropriate that he should during the first few days and nights of his life on earth be surrounded by the dumb beasts whose moan and plaint and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their unfortunate share in the fighting of their wrongs? It did not merely "happen so" that the unintelligent creatures of God should have been that night in close neighborhood. Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a worn out horse or cowpath, not a herd freezing in the poorly-built cowpen, not a freight train in summer time hurrying the beeves to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox, or rabbit, or pigeon, or dog in the horrors of vivi section, but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable surrounded by brutes. He remembers that night, and the prayer he heard in their pitiful moan he will answer in the punishment of those who maltreat the dumb brutes. They surely have as much right in this world as we have.

In the first chapter of Genesis you may see that they were placed on the earth before man was, the fish and fowl created the fifth day, and the quadruped the morning of the sixth day, and man not until the afternoon of that day. The whale, the eagle, the lion, and all the lesser creatures of their kind were predecessors of the human family. They have the world by right of possession. They have also paid rent for the places they occupied. What an army of defense all over the land are the faithful watch dogs! And who can tell what the world owes to horse, and camel, and ox, for transportation? And robin and lark have by the centatas with which they have filled orchard and forest more than paid for the few grains they have picked up for their sustenance. When you abuse any creature of God you strike its creator, and you insult the Christ who, though he might have been welcomed into life by princes, and taken his first infantile slumber amid Tyrian plush and canopied couches, and rippling waters from royal aqueducts dripping into basins of ivory and pearl, chose to be born on the level with cow's horn, or a camel's hoof, or a dog's nostril, that he might be the alleviation of brutal suffering as well as the redeemer of man.

Standing then as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night with an infant Christ on the one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry, Look out how you strike the rowel into that horse's side. Take off that curbed bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food. Forget not to put water into the cage of that canary. Throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far north in winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat, or transfixing butterfly and grasshopper. Drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle and under her wing there may be three or four prima donnas of the sky in training. And in your families and in your schools teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown and in this marvelous Bible picture of the Nativity, while you point out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celestial chant, let them also hear the cow's moan. No more did Christ show interest in the botanical world when he said, "Consider the lilies," than he showed sympathy for the ornithological when he said, "Behold the fowls of the air," and the quadrupedal world when He allowed himself to be called in one place a lion and in another place a lamb. Meanwhile, may the Christ of the Bethlehem cattle pen have mercy on the suffering stock yards that now are preparing diseased and fevered meat for our American households.

Behold also in this Bible scene how on that Christmas night God honored childhood. Christ might have made his first visit to our world in a cloud, as he will descent on his next visit in a cloud. In what a chariot of illuminated vapor he might have rolled down the sky escorted by mounted cavalry with lightning of drawn sword. Elijah had a carriage of fire to take him up, why not Jesus a carriage of fire to fetch him down? Or, over the arched bridge of a rainbow the Lord might have descended. Or Christ might have inhabited a full grown man on earth out of the dust of a garden, as was Adam, in full manhood at the start without the introductory feebleness of infancy. No, no! Childhood was to be honored by that advent. He must have a child's light limbs, and a child's dimpled hand, and a child's laughing eye, and a child's flaxen hair, and babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God! May the reflection of that one child's face be seen in all infantile faces. Enough have all those fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house A throne, a crown, a scepter, a kingdom under charge. Be careful how you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. Be careful how you touch those lips with the first sip of strong drink. Be careful how you repress those eyes with the first look of scorn. Be careful how you repress those eyes with the first look of scorn. Be careful how you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be centennial and millennial, and a hundred years and a thousand years will not stop the echo and re-echo. Do not say "It is only a child." Rather say, "It is only an immortal." It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive sun and moon and star, and ages quadrillennial. God has infinite resources and he can give presents of great value, but when he wants to give the richest possible gift to a household he looks around all the worlds and all the universe and then gives a child. The greatest present that God ever gave our world he gave about 1887 years ago, and he gave it on a Christmas night, and it was of such value that heaven adjourned for a recess and came down and broke through the clouds to look at it. Yea, in all ages God has honored childhood. He makes almost every picture a failure unless there be a child either playing on the floor, or looking through the window, or seated on the lap gazing into the face of the mother. It was a child in Naaman's kitchen that told the great Syrian warrior where he might go and get cured of the leprosy, which at his seventh plunge in the Jordan was left at the bottom of the river. It was to the cradle of leaves in which a child was laid, rocked by the Nile, that God called the attention of history. It was a sick child that evoked Christ's curative sympathies. It was a child that Christ sat in the midst of the squabbling disciples to teach the lesson of humility. We are informed that wolf and leopard and lion shall be yet so domesticated that a little child shall lead them. A child decided Waterloo, showing the army of Blucher how they could take a short cut through the fields when, if the old road had been followed, the Prussian general would have come up too late to save the destinies of Europe.

It was a child that decided Gettysburg, he having overheard two Confederate generals in a conversation in which they decided to march for Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg, and this, reported to Governor Curtin, the Federal forces started to meet their opponents at Gettysburg. And the child of to-day is to decide all the great battles, make all the laws, settle all the destinies and usher in the world's salvation or destruction. Men, women, nations, all earth, and all heaven, behold the child! Is there any velvet so soft as a child cheek? Is there any sky so blue as a child's eye? Is there any music so sweet as the child's voice? Is there any plume so wavy as a child's hair?

Notice also that in this Bible night scene God honored science. Who are the three wise men kneeling before the divine infant? Not boors, not ignoramuses, but Caspar, Belthasar, and Melchior, men who knew all that was to be known. They were the Isaac Newtons and Faradays of their time. Their alchemy was the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astrology the mother of our magnificent astronomy. They had studied stars, studied metals, studied physiology, studied everything. And when I see these scientists bowing before this beautiful babe I see the prophecy and the fulfillment of the telescope and microscopes, and all the Leyden jars, and all the observatories, and all the observatories, and all the universities shall bow to Jesus. It is much that way already. Where is the college that does not have morning prayers, thus honoring the manger? Who have been the great physicians? Omitting the names of the living, lest we should be invidious, have we not had among them Christian men like our own Joseph C. Hutchinson, and Rush, and Valentine Mott, and Abercombie, and Abernethy? Who have been our greatest scientists? Joseph Henry, who lived and died in the faith of the gospel, and Agassiz who, standing with his students among the hills, took off his hat and said, "Young gentlemen, before we study these rocks let us pray for wisdom to the God who made the rocks." To-day the greatest doctors and lawyers of New York, and of all this land, and of all lands, were the Christian children and say, We must by the help of God get the human race up to the perfect nerve, and perfect muscle, and perfect brain, and perfect form of that perfect child before whom nigh twenty hundred years ago Caspar, and Belthasar, and Melchior bent their tired knees in worship.

Behold also in that first Christmas night that God honored the fields. Come in, shepherd boys, to Bethlehem and see the child. "No," they say, "we are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes, you are, come in." Sure enough, the storms, and the night dew, and the brambles have made rough work with their apparel, but none have a better right to come in. They were the first to hear the music of that Christmas night. The first announcement of a Saviour's birth was made to those men in the fields. There were wiseacres that night in Bethlehem and Jerusalem snoring in deep sleep, and there were salaried officers of government who hearing of it afterward may have thought they ought to have had the first of the news, but a great event, coming in the dead of night, is ill announced at the door and knocking till at some sentinel's question, "Who comes there?" the great ones of the palace might have been told of the Celestial arrived.

No; the shepherds heard the first two bars of the music, the first in the major key and the last in the minor, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Ah, yes; the fields were honored. The old shepherds with plaid and crook have for the most part vanished, but we have grazing—on our United States pasture fields and prairie about forty-five million sheep—and all their keepers ought to follow the shepherds of my text, and all those who toil in fields, all vine-dressers, all orchardists, all husbandmen. Not only that Christmas night, but all up and down the world's history God has been honoring the fields. Nearly all the messiahs of reform, and literature, and eloquence, and have come from the fields. Washington from the fields. Jefferson from the fields. The Presidential martyrs, Garfield and Lincoln, from the fields. Henry Clay from the fields. Daniel Webster from the fields. Marin Luther from the fields, and before this world is right the overflowing population of our crowded cities will have to take to the fields. Instead of ten merchants in rivalry as to who shall sell that one apple, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten merchants desiring to sell that one bushel of wheat, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more brawny forearms, more muscle arms. To the fields! God honored them when he woke up the shepherds by the midnight anthem, and he will, while the world lasts, continue to honor the fields. When the shepherd's crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem kaan it was a prophecy of the time when the reed's flail, and farmer's plow, and woodman's ax, and ox's yoke, and sheaf binder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country, as man made the town.

Behold, also, that on that Christmas night God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought the infant Savior to Bethlehem without Mary's being there at all. When the villagers, on the morning of December 26, awoke, by divine arrangement and in some unexplained way, the child Jesus might have been found in "some comfortable cradle of the village. But no, no! Motherhood for all time was to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations was to be the maternal relation, and one of the sweetest words "mother." In all ages God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother, St. Bernard had a good mother, Samuel Budgett a good mother, Doddridge a good mother, Walter Scott a good mother, Benjamin West a good mother. In a great audience, or in a private house who had been blessed of Christian mothers arise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Don't you see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated? Why did Titian, the Italian artist, when he sketched the Madonna, make it an Italian face? Why did Rubens, the German artist, in his Madonna, make it a German face? Why did Joshua Reynolds, the English artist, in his Madonna make it an English face? Why did Murillo, the Spanish artist, in his Madonna make it a Spanish face? I never heard, but I think they took their own mothers as the type of Mary, the mother of Christ. When you have time one in sermon or oration speak in the abstract of a good, faithful, honest mother your eyes fill up with tears while you say to yourself, that was my mother. The first word a child utters is apt to be "Mother," and the old man in his dying dream calls "Mother come!" No wonder she was brought up in the surroundings of a city, and in affluent home, and was dressed appropriately with reference to the demands of modern life, or whether she were the old-time cap and great round spectacles and apron of her own make, and knit your socks with her own needles seated by the broad fireplace, with great backlog ablaze on a winter night. It matters not how many wrinkles crossed and recrossed her face, or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life, if you painted a Madonna hers would be the face. While a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to sooth pain, and was there anyone who could fill up a room with peace, and purity, and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not, for her lips were forever still. Come back mother, this Christmas day, and take your old place, and as ten, or twenty, or thirty years ago, come and open the Bible you used to read, and kneel in the same place where you used to pray, and look upon us as of old when you wished us a Merry Christmas or a Happy New Year. But, no! That would not be fair to call you back. You had troubles enough, and aches enough, and bereavements enough while you were here. Tarry by the throne, mother, till we join you you there, your prayers all answered, and in the eternal homestead of our God we shall again keep Christmas jubilee together. But speak from your thrones, all you glorified mothers, and say to all these, your sons and daughters, words of love, words of warning, words of cheer. They need your voice, for they have traveled far and with many a heart-break since you left them, and you do well to call from the heights of heaven to the valleys of earth. Hail, enthroned ancestry! We are coming. Keep a place for us right beside you at the banquet.

"Slow-footed years more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun.
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the sea."

TEE GROWING SOUTH.

The Surest Evidence That That Section is Being Reclaimed.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Dec. 24.—The *Tradesman* of this city has prepared a tabulated statement for the purpose of showing the progress of the industrial development during the year of 1887 in the Souther states of Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and West Virginia.

The *Tradesman* appends to the statements a note to the effect that although many of the manufacturing companies therein enumerated as organized during the year, did not in fact, erect buildings, begin work and may not do so before the close of another year.

The exhibit is interesting as showing the prevalent tendency throughout the South to engage in industrial pursuits. The most important enterprises enumerated in the statement and total number of such enterprises in the thirteen states named, are:

Agricultural implements, 2; bagging, 2; breweries, 5; bridge works, 8; car works, 22; cotton woolen mills, 147; electric light works, 98; flour and grist mills, 177; founderies and machine shops, 184; blast furnaces, 73; gas companies, 57; glass works, 19; ice factories, 88; mines and quarries, 584; natural gas companies, 115; oil mills, 45; pipe works, 4; potteries, 12; railroad companies, 182; rolling mills, 23; stamp mills and smelters, 43; steel plants, 10; street railways, 152; water works, 135; wood working establishments, 640; miscellaneous, 804.

There were organized in Alabama 7 agricultural implement works; 4 bridge works; 18 cotton and woolen mills; 45 foundries and machine shops; 33 blast furnaces; 43 mining and quarrying companies; 47 natural gas companies; 2 pipe works; 41 railroad Companies, 14 rolling mills; 3 steel plants; 20 water works; 33 gas companies; 16 electric light works; 104 wood-working establishments and 152 miscellaneous industries.

In Arkansas—Four car works; 7 cotten and woolen mills; 2 blast blast furnaces; 82 mines and quarries (Arkansas leads the South in this branch of industry;) 40 railroad companies, and 45 stamp mills and smelters.

In Florida—9 tobacco factories; 4 cotton and woolen mills; 32 railroad companies, 11 water works; 42 wood work establishments.

In Georgia.—7 agricultural implement works; 24 cotton and woolen mills; 10 blast furnace companies; 2 glass works; 68 mines and quarries; 38 railroads; 22 street railways and 92 wood working establishments.

In Kentucky.—4 cotton and woolen mills; 4 blast furnaces, 35 mines and quarries; 34 natural gas companies; 3 tool works; 6 water works; 42 wood working establishments.

In Louisiana—Three cotton and woolen mills; 1 blast furnace; 9 mines and quarries; 6 oil mills; 9 distilleries; 8 potteries; 8 rice mills; 5 sugar mills; 25 wood working establishments.

In Mississippi—Three cotton and woolen mills; 1 blast furnace; 4 mines and quarries; 3 railroad companies; 15 wood working establishments; 21 miscellaneous.

In North Carolina—Twelve carriage and wagon works; 27 cigar and tobacco factories; 26 cotton and woolen mills; (the state leading the South in this branch); 31 flour and grist mills; 13 ice factories; 32 mines and quarries; 13 railroads; 9 street railways; 67 wood working establishments.

In South Carolina—21 cotton and woolen mills; 10 mines and quarries; 8 water works; 1 rice mill; 6 railroads; 14 wood-working establishments.

In Tennessee.—7 agricultural implement works; 2 car works; 8 carriage and wagon works; 12 cotton and woolen mills, 15 el ecric light works; 16 flour and grist m ills; 36 foundries and machine shops; 14 b last furnaces, 10 gas companies; 11 glass works, (the largest number in any Southern state); 11 ice factories; 88 mines and quarries; 31 oil mills; 3 potterics; 31 railroad companies; 1 rolling mill; 2 steel plants; 39 street railways; 1 tool works; 15 water works; 101 wood working establishments and 114 miscellaneous.

In Texas—Three car works; 2 car wheel works; 19 cotton and woolen mills; 20 electric light works; 51 flour and grist mills (Texas leading the South in this branch); 29 foundries and machine shops; 17 ice factories; 41 mines and quarries; 9 natural gas companies; 7 oil wells; 37 railroads; 17 street railways; 50 water works; 27 woolen working establishments.

In Virginia—Ten cigar and tobacco factories; 4 cotton and woolen mills; 11 electric light works; 13 flour and grist mills; 9 blast furnaces; 40 gas companies; 50 mines and quarries; 12 natural gas companies; 2 potteries; 24 railroads; 5 rolling mills; 2 steel plants; 8 street railways; 11 water works; 26 wooden works.

In West Virginia—One car works; 2 cotton and woolen mills; 2 blast furnaces; 4 glass works; 37 mines and quarries; 2 pipe works; 5 potteries; 11 railroads; 2 steel plants and 20 woolen works.

SHE WON HER POINT.

An Amusing Civil Rights Incident in South Carolina.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Dec. 24.—[Special wire.]—An amusing civil rights incident is reported from Beaufort, this state. During the recent spell of mud and slush a prominent gentleman met a very large and portly colored woman on the street where there was only room for one to pass along at a time.

They met in the narrowest place and neither would turn back for the other. Each stood firm in front of the other. After awhile the man sent a passing boy after a chair and when it arrived he quietly took his seat in front of his antagonist.

She also sent for a chair and her knitting and was soon comfortably seated in front of her opponent.

An admiring crowd had by this time gathered around to witness the show.

It was now about dinner time and the gentleman was getting hungry, so he ordered out a table and his dinner from a neighboring restaurant, and there ate a very hearty meal in the presence of a large crowd.

He then quietly arose and informed his dusky opponent that he no longer wanted to go in that direction and that he was going back to his place of business.

MICHIGAN'S FARMS.

Nearly Half of the State is Mortgaged—Interesting Figures.

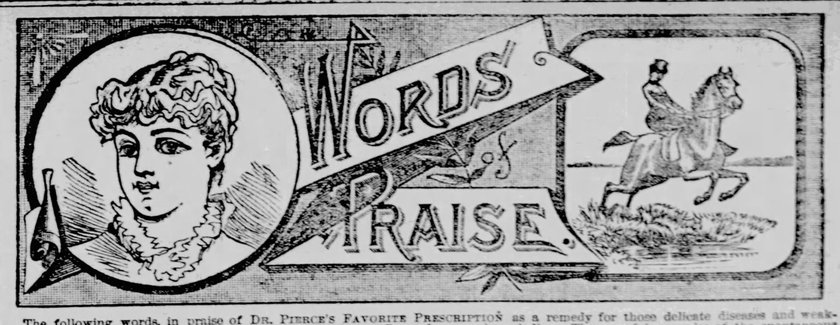
DETROIT, Dec. 22.—From the report of the labor commissioner it appears that June 1 there were 157,389 farms in Michigan. Of this number 139,523 were cultivated by their owners, 5,657 were rented for a fixed money reutal, and 13,209 were worked on shares. Of 90,803 farms reported to the commissioners of labor, 47,224 are not mortgaged at all, and 43,079 are mortgaged. Making a ratio from these data it appears that 47 per cent of all the farms in Michigan belong only in part to their nominal owners. If the real facts were known, it would probably be found that between 35 and 60 per cent of Michigan farms are mortgaged. These mortgages cover 19.02 per cent of the entire assessed valuation of the real estate of Michigan. In the case of the farms reported as mortgaged, the mortgages amount to 46.8 per cent of the assessed valuation and, therefore, the figures would indicate that more than one eighth of all farm property of Michigan is really owned by the mortgagees.

Protest Against Randall.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—A protest against the appointment of Samuel J. Randall to a place on the Ways and Means committee is to be gotten up by prominent Chicago Democrats during the holiday recess of Congress and sent to Speaker Carlisle.

It was so stated at the meeting of the Tariff Reform league at the Sherman house, last night.

Professor J. F. Claflin, who announced himself as a mugwump, proposed that a thundering protest against Randall having anything to do with the Ways and Means committee be drawn up and sent Mr. Carlisle.



The following words, in praise of DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

$100 THROWN AWAY.

JOHN E. SEGAR, of *Millenbeck, Va.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

READY TO COMPROMISE.

Cleveland Chagrined at the Reception Given His Message.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The President is very much exercised about the reception of his message by the country. He expected a great success, and has met with a grievous disappointment. It is now known that he went much further than Mr. Carlisle would have done, had he been placed in the same position, but Mr. Cleveland is above all things self-willed, dogmatical and narrow-groved. Therefore he determined to play his game on this single card, and to take all the risks connected therewith, trusting to the extraordinary luck through which he has advanced step by step to his present place.

He was mad, however, insensible to the perils of the venture, for he told Secretary Fairchild, substantially: "This step may make my renomination impossible, but I have decided to take it at all hazards."

No other member of the Cabinet was informed of his purpose until the last moment, and when it became known they all shouted, as in duty bound, "Hosannah to the chief."

In the conferences about the tariff that took place before the meeting of Congress, Mr. Randall though in the city at the time of the most important of them, was not invited to participate, nor consulted in any way. He was purposely ignored, while W. L. Scott, his colleague, was taken into the closest confidence, and, in truth, was the President's chief adviser; but recently a mighty change has come over the mind of the man of the White House.

Practically he has abandoned his bold defiance of the protectionist wing of the Democracy, and suddenly he has welcomed Mr. Randall into relations of marked favor. Instead of being proscribed, as was demanded by many leaders and followers, the honorable member from Philadelphia resumes his Chairmanship of the Appropriations and his membership on the committee of Rules, with all the power and privileges he has hitherto wielded so conveniently for his party.

In plain terms, Mr. Cleveland has surrendered to expediency, and he will jump at a chance to sign a compromise, which if adopted by Congress would begin by repealing his two principal recommendations of the Treasury; that is to say, by striking off nearly thirty millions of tobacco tax, and perhaps reducing the duty on sugars. If the President had given up some of his ignorant self-sufficiency and taken sensible counsel, he would not have gotten into a hole, from which every effort at extrication sinks him deeper.

The illustrious Higgins was not forced out of office by the administration, according to the latter, nor even elbowed gently into retirement. His own political and personal friends advised this step, to withdraw a target for Democratic guns to fire at. This is the whole story in brief, though Higgins, who had no power and was constrained by the rules of departmental life, was anxious for the freedom of a ward manager and the glory of setting up political pins. He will probably get a state office to recompense the loss of salary in the treasury. Democratic virtue, which shines out like that of Higgins, must be rewarded, acording to the Gorman code.

The Democrats of all shapes and sizes growl at the President's hesitation over appointments. He uses all the patronage for his own benefit, or at least, that is his intention. The Cabinet do not even send in briefs of the different applications. They have no more voice in the selections than the watchmen at the doors of the departments. After reading these briefs, the President sends, in any case of the least consequence, for the papers, and studies them carefully, seeking outside information as to the applicants, their local standing, their political influence, and their Presidential inclinations. Then he makes his choice, and in nine cases ous of ten, he offends his party friends.

He never makes an appointment by request without grudging the loss of an office and without gaining a spark of gratitude from his manner of treatment. Intense selfishness is the basis of his whole action. Under the guise of official vigilance it is his habit to count the value or to estimate the influence of every nomination he makes.

Just now the valuable offices of United States marshal for Massachusetts and postmaster of this city are vacant by the expiration of their commissions, with the Senate in session. Mr. Cleveland has not been able to decide about their successors. In casting among the applidants he has not yet found out satisfactorily who of them would most advance his personal interest, and therefore his gun hangs fire.

One of the marveis of the times is how Secretary Whitney manages to control the opinions of so many newspapers on both sides in his favor. Take the latest expression of the New York *World* from Washington as follows:

"Secretary Whitney left here last night to be away until next Tuesday. His health is slowly improving but he is not a thoroughly well man, and too close application to his duties is likely at any time to break him down. * * *

"Secretary Whitney is seldom absent from the Navy department.

This sort of thing would be amusing if it did not involve serious official dereliction of duty. An examination of the record will show that Mr. Whitney has been absent from the department more than half the time since he was appointed secretary. The acting-commissions of Commodores Harmony and Walker, if they have not been conveniently destroyed, will establish this fact beyond dispute.

Mr. Whitney has given himself up to social parade. No such exhibition of ostentatious wealth has ever before been seen at Washington as has been familiar to the socially fashionable life by this newly fledged social leader.

As to his state of health the high officials of the Navy department never gave it the least credence. Mr. Whitney went to New York last rail with the full intention of resigning his seat in the Cabinet and setting up as a Presidential candidate in a certain contingency. He has secured the promise of feveral delegates from New York through the patronage of the Navy-yard and by other means.

The Standard Oil corporation stood ready to put up any amount of money to consummate this subject, doubly or trebly recovered in the event of success. The sudden announcement of Whitney's ill health was made looking to his retirement and became ridiculous from the allegation that it was caused by overwork.

He returned to Washington to prepare his annual report, and reported himself miraculously well. The game was working admirably when Cleveland knocked the props from under his ambitious secretary and astonded his party by the free trade message. Since that explosion Mr Whitney has settled down to self glorification, and inspired his organs with the fine tales on which they try to feed public credulity.

CLERKS WILD FOR BLAINE.

Department Clerks Forming Clubs and Otherwise Booming the Plumed Knight.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec 21.—The Baltimore *Sun* (Dem) says: "The Blaine craze has struck the departments hard. The Republican clerks are quietly enrolling themselves in Blaine clubs. An active canvass is being made in the treasury department for Blaine men, and as fast as found they are enrolled as active members of some one of the clubs. There have been quite a number of charges of offensive partisanship preferred against Republican employes in the departments recently. When such charges are made investigations are at once ordered, but they result, as a rule, in a report that the charges are unfounded."

MRS. LOGAN'S PENSION BILL.

It is Reported Favorably, but its Passage Is Obstructed by Senator Berry.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 21.—Senator Davis yesterday reported the bills to grant pensions of $2,000 to the widows of Gen. John A. Logan and Gen. Frank P. Blair. Senator Berry objected to immediate consideration of the former, and Senator Gorman to the latter bill.

TO CAKE FOR THE NEEDY.

A Home for the Mothers, Widows and Orphans of Soldiers.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Mr. Harmer, of Philadelphia, has a number of interesting bills for presentation, among which is one to establish a national home for mothers, widows and daughters of the volunteer soldiers and sailors of the army and navy of the United States, and who are disqualified from procuring their own support by reasons of sickness or poverty. The bill appropriates $200,000; constitutes the President, secretary of War and secretary of the Navy a board to establish the home, provides for a board of managers consisting of thirteen women, who shall be elected by joint action of Congress—no two shall be residents of the same state. They are to select a president from their own member and complete the detail of organization.

Mr. Harmer in the 49th Congress secured in the naval appropriation bill $30,000 to repair a ship for nautical school purposes in Philadelphia.

The secretary of the Navy not having a vessel suitable for the purpose the provisions of law were not carried out.

The nautical school ship at the city of New York is now in bad condition.

Mr. Harmer, to meet the wants of the two cities, has offered a bill for the construction of two vessels, one for each city, the two to cost $550,000. They are to be auxiliary, steam, composit, bark-rigged vessels of 1,000 tons displacement.

During last Congress, under instructions of the councils of Philadelphia, President Lawrence, with a committee, were before Congress urging favorable action.

Mr. Harmer has the support of the Navy department and expects to pass his bill in this Congress.

THE YEAR'S EXPORTS.

An Increase in Value of Over Twenty-five Million Dollars.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The chief of the bureau of Statistics in his fifth monthly statement for the year ending June 30, 1888, of the imports and exports of the United States, reports that the total values of the imports of merchandise for the 5, 11 and 12 months ended November 30, 1887, as compared with similar imports for the corresponding periods of the preceding year, were as follows: Five months ended November 30, 1887, $299,228,825; same period in 1886, $276,561,475. Eleven months ended November 30, 1887, $656,708,816; 1886, $607,151,087. Twelve months of 1887, $712,986,918; 1886, $659,362,607.

The total value of the exports were as follows: Five months ended November 30, 1887, $311,763,247; 1886, $300,377,823. Eleven months in 1887, $642,043,311; 1886, $627,986,697. Twelve months in 1887, $727,460,635; 1886, $702,260,413.

A FEW MORE BILLS.

Additional Pension Messages—Proposed Statue to Zachery Taylor.

WASHINGTON, Dec 22.—Senator Quay has introduced a bill to increase to $72 per month the pension of those persons who now receive $50 per month under the law granting pensions to soldiers and sailors of the late war who are totally disabled. Senator Plumb introduced a bill to-day to grant one month's extra pay for each year of enlistment to all officers of the volunteer army in the late war who served the full term of their enlistment and were honorably discharged.

A bill introduced by Senator George appropriates $35,000 for the erection of an equestrian statue in Washington of Zachary Taylor, and directs the secretary of war to contract with Thos. A. Mills, of the District of Columbia, or some other competent artist, for the construction of the statue.

The rescue of the American seamen in the Arctic Ocean in 1871 by the British whaling bark Chance, of Sydney, New South Wales, was brought back to the public mind by the introduction of a bill by Senator Allison to pay the British government $16,000 in trust for the owners of the Chance, to indemnify them for abandoning their whaling voyage and making the rescue.

Senator Blair introduced a bill declaring that the act of June 9, 1880, in relation to pensions, shall be construed so as to include all officers and enlisted men of the army, and their widows and minor children.

An amendment to the Cullom postal telegraph bill, proposed by Senator George, provides for the construction of a telegraph line from Atlanta, Ga., to El Paso, Tex., via Birmingham, Ala.; Meriden, Jackson, and Vicksburg, Miss.; Monroe and Shreveport, La., and Marshall, Dallas and Fort Worth, Tex.

Senator Beck introduced a bill to provide that every person who carries on the business of a retail dealer in liquors, manufacturer of tobacco, snuff or cigars, or dealer in tobacco, without having paid a special tax therefor, shall be liable to a fine of $500 or imprisonment in a county jail without hard labor for not more than one year. Also a bill to fix the fee for passports at $1.

S. C. MOFFATT DEAD.

The Representative from the Ninth Michigan District Passes Away.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—Representative Seth C. Moffatt, of Michigan, died at 7 o'clock this morning, at Providence hospital.

[Seth C. Moffatt, of Traverse-City, was born at Battle Creek, Michigan, August 10, 1841; received a common school education; was a student one year in the Literary Department and two years in the Law Department of Michigan University, studying the last year in the office of Hon. T. M. Cooley; graduated from the Law Department of Michigan University in 1863, and has since been engaged in the practice of the law; was prosecuting attorney for Grand Traverse and Leelenaw Counties for ten years; was a member of the State Senate of Michigan in 1871-1872; was a member of the Constitutional Commission in 1873; was Register of the United States land office at Traverse City from 1874 to 1878; was a member of the 45th House of Representatives of Michigan in 1881-1882, serving as speaker. Both terms was a delegate to the National Republican Convention at Chicago in 1884; and was elected to the Forty-ninth Congress by a Republican, receiving 16,467 votes against 9,802 votes for John Power, Democrat, and 63 votes scattering.

THEIR BIOGRAPHIES.

Congressmen and Senators Take a Hand at Writing Them.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—It is well known that the Senators and Congressmen write their own biographies that appear in the Congressional Directory. This fact makes them all the more interesting. The statesmen are allowed in a general way to say what they please, but there are instances where the compiler of the Directory has to do some pretty thorough pruning. One Arkansas Congressman wrote an answer to the usual request with a page that have filled a dozen pages of the Directory. He gave the full history of his and his wife's families, the characteristics of his children, the names of the husbands and wives and children of those married, and introduced several illustrated sketches of incidents in bear and bee and coon hunting.

He introduced a poem on spring written by his second oldest son, gave the names of two young fellows, rivals for the hand of one of his daughters named "Pink," and described the distress he was suffering over the question of which she would choose. The compiler cut the "biography" down to 80 lines.

A Kentucky Congressman in his biography described a stock farm owned by him, named the horses, gave their pedigrees, records and prices. Another Kentuckian, mentioned, among other events of his eventful life, the number of fights he had been in, and gave descriptions of two, in each of which he had killed a man, and gave the names of the men he had slaughtered.

One Ohio man gave the number of sheep he owned, the fluctuations in the price of wool in an elaborate table, and introduced a strong protest against a reduction of the duty on wool, all of which was sacrificed. A congressman from Iowa sent in his biography in verse, and very bad verse, too. Another from the same state stated that he was living separate from his wife, but in a detailed statement laid all the blame upon her, and appealed to his brother congressmen to overlook the matter, and to the Speaker not to allow himself to be influenced to act in assigning him to committees.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

Some Uneasiness Among Congressmen as to the Prohibition Movement.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—The decision of the committee on Rules to commend the appointment of a special committee to take charge of all matter relating to the traffic in intoxicating liquor shows that this question has assumed larger proportions in Congress than ever before.

The appointment of such special committees is usually the forerunner of important changes in laws bearing on the subject in charge of that committee, as, for instance, in the case of Civil Service reform, and the notes of alarm are already being sounded in the ears of Congressmen by constituents of the great brewing and distilling districts of the West and South.

Speaker Carlisle, believing that a majority of the voters of the country will oppose any movement that looks toward prohibition, will make a little party capital, if possible, out of the work of the committee. To that end he will select Prohibitionists for the Republican liquor interests and anti-Prohibitionists for the Democratic majority of the committee.

Many Republican Congressmen are not a little uneasy at the prospect that the Republican party in Congress will be committed in some way to prohibition, and that will lose to the party the liquor influence, and particularly the great German vote, which is largely Republican. Already notice has been served that if the national Republican party, through its representatives in Congress, shows any disposition to flirt with the Prohibitionists, the German vote will leave the party almost as a mass.

BY THE TON.

How Uncle Sam's Servants Load Down the Mails.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Probably your readers are not aware of the immense quantities of mail matter distributed throughout the country by the government at Washington. To give them some faint conception of its magnitude, it is only necessary to mention the fact that the United States mail sent out from the Interior department alone averages in weight 3,000 pounds daily. But all told, the government perhaps distributes about 30,000 pounds daily, especially during the session, when public documents are being scattered throughout the land by members of Congress who do not wish their constituents to forget them during their stay at the capital. Perhaps another thing that few persons, except the losers themselves, ever think of, is the amount of money lost in the mails. Last year $27,687 was found in dead letters, of which amount $22,639 was restored to the owners; $6,672 thus found could not be returned, and was deposited in the treasury to the credit of the government, likewise the sum of $2,721, the proceeds of auction sales of unclaimed packages of merchandise found in the mails.

CONGRESS.

The Committee on Rules Makes a Partial Report—The Changes Made.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, from the committee on Rules, submitted a partial report. The report recommends the adoption of the rules of the Forty-ninth Congress until further order, with the following changes:

A standing committee is established to consist of thirteen members to be known as the committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries.

The addition of the representation of a delegate on the committee on private land claims, is recommended.

Private bills are to be presented through the clerk and given proper reference by that officer.

The following select committees are provided for: On reform in the civil service; to consist of thirteen members; on election of president and vice president and representatives in Congress, to consist of thirteen members; on the eleventh census to consist of thirteen members; on Indian depredation claims, to consist of thirteen members; on the alcoholic liquor traffic, to consist of eleven members.

Mr. Randall briefly explained the proposed changes which he stated were, with one exception, recommended by the unanimous vote of the committee on Rules, that exception was the recommendation for the appointment of a special committee on the alcoholic liquor traffic. The gentlemen from Maine and Illinois (Reed and Cannon), and he, consulted the minority of the committee on this question.

Mr McCreary, of Kentucky, said he desired to offer an amendment regarding the general appropriation bills to be reported to the House by the committees having them in charge within 60 days during the long session, and 40 days during the short session of Congress.

Mr. Randall stated that the subject was pending in the committee on Rules and would receive careful consideration before the committee submitted another report. Upon this statement Mr. McCreery withdrew the proposed amendment.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—When the House met the desk recently occupied by Mr. Moffatt, of Michigan, who died in Providence hospital to-day, was draped in emblems of mourning and decked with flowers.

Mr. Burrows, of Michigan said that it become his painful duty on behalf of the Michigan delegation to announce to the House the death of Hon. Seth C. Moffatt. In his death the delegation felt a personal bereavement, and his state had lost a wise and valuable Congressman.

Mr. Burrows then offered a series of resolutions which were unanimously adopted, expressive of the regret with which it heard of the death of Mr. Moffatt, and providing for the appointment of a joint committee of seven representatives and three senators to superintend the funeral and escort the remains of the deceased to the place of burial.

The House then at 10:15, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, adjourned to meet Wednesday, January 4, 1888.

The Senate.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—In the Senate to-day, Mr. Cockrell offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the fish commission to report what, if anything, has been taken for the selection of a site for a fishcultural station in the Ozark region of southwestern Missouri.

Mr. Spooner offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the committee on privileges to inquire into the expediency of the adoption by the Senate for the future of the executive of the several states, of a form of credentials of the election of United States senators.

The resolution of yesterday for the appointment of a select committee of five to investigate the condition of the five civilized tribes of Indians, was taken up and adopted.

The resolution offered by Mr. Beck on the 12th inst., directing the Postoffice committee to inquire into the advisability of reducing the rate of letter postage to one cent, was taken up and referred to that committee.

Mr. Dawes called up the bill to amend the law concerning the commissioner of fish and fisheries and moved it be passed.

It provides for the appointment by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, of a person of scientific and practical acquaintance of fish and fisheries as commissioner at a salary of $5,000, such person not to hold any other, or state office.

A motion of Mr. Reagan to reduce the salary to $3,00 was rejected and the bill was passed.

Mr Allison called up the holiday recess resolution and moved its adoption.

Mr. Edmunds said he would vote against the resolution because he thought the proposed recess was against the public interest, Congress would be in session till the dog days, and during the latter part of the session the country would be in the midst of a heated presidential canvass.

There was no reason why members of Congress should go home for the holidays.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—Mr. Dolph introduced a bill to provide for the payment of claims for damage by Indian depredations. He said there were some 4,500 such claims, aggregating some $14,000,000 or $15,000,000.

It was a burning shame, that for 30 years Congress had declined to take action on the these claims. The bill was referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs.

The Senate then took up the joint resolution introduced by Mr. Dolph on the 12th inst., proposing a constitutional amendment on the subject of marriage and divorce and prohibiting bigamy and polygamy.

The proposed amendment is in the following words: Congress shall have power to legislate on the subject of marriage and divorce by general laws applicable alike to all the states and territories, and neither bigamy nor polygamy shall exist, or be permitted within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

Mr. Dolph addressed the Senate in support of the resolution.

At the close of his remarks, the joint resolution was ordered to lie on the table, Mr. Cullom saying that he propased to submit some remarks upon it after the reassembling of the Senate.

The presiding officer announced the appointment of the special committee to investigate the condition of the five civilized tribes of Indians as follows: Messrs. Butler, Morgan, Daws, Cameron and Teller. Mr. Teller introduced a bill to provide for the compulsory education of Indian children. Referred.

CROP REPORT.

Corn in Ohio Short—Irish Potatoes on the Decline.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The November crop report just issued by the Agricultural department has the following concerning Ohio crops:

"The corn crop is the shortest for some years. It is estimated that the crop will fall short of last year about 30,000,000 bushels, and is but one-half the large crop of 1885 about 42,000,000 bushels.

"Irish potatoes show the greatest reduction in per cent. of any other crop. The result is being sadly felt in many households by the increased price per bushel. The hay crop was a fair yield, and was cut and cured under the most favorable circumstances.

"Ohio farmers at this time are suffering a great inconvenience in many places for want of water, many wells and springs having gone dry thereby causing the farmer to drive his stock many miles for water. The prolonged dry weather has had its effect on the wheat acreage for next year's harvest, owing to the dry, naked condition of the soil.

During the seeding season much land intended for wheat could not be or was not even plowed, while still other lands that had been plowed were unseeded, because of the soil being in an unfit condition to prepare the seed bed. The causes have reduced the wheat acreage to about 90 per cent. as compared with last year.

M'COY CONVICTED.

Guilty of Murder in the Second Degree—A Probable Life Sentence.

IRONTON, O., Dec. 23.—Fearson McCoy was to-day found guilt of murder in the second degree for killing Dr. Wm. T. Northup last April.

He and his father killed Northup in a fight growing out of a prohibition quarrel. Northup was a prohibitionist and the McCoys saloonkeepers. Alf McCoy, the father, is now serving a life sentence.

La Justice and other French papers demand that the government interfere to suppress the attempts of the French syndicate to advance the price of copper.

The people of Honolulu are expecting revolution again.

BUSINESS BAROMETER.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Report for the Week Just Closed.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: Business throughout the country is active for the season, and, though collections at some points are slow and credits strained, reports are generally fairly satisfactory.

But uncertainty and hesitation still affects important branches of production. The industrial outlook does not improve. Currency is generally in good supply, even where payments are slowest and credits most strained.

Speculation has been less and the general level of prices, though higher than a week ago in most speculative markets, has on the whole declined a little since July 1. The average of prices in speculative markets has advanced 15.6 per cent., with a tendency still upward, while the average advance in all other prices has been 6 6 per cent. with a later tendency downward.

The facts indicate activity in trading rather than satisfactory relations of supply and demand. The iron trade is unsettled with sales of several thousand tons of Birmingham pig here, while at Philadelphia offers of $1 below market are noted. Sales of 40, 00 tons of steel rails have been made during the week, generally at terms netting between $31 and $32.

Bar iron is weaker and the tendency to shrinkage in demand appears not only in crude iron but many manufactured forms of iron and steel.

Wool is not active; prices range 10 to 15 per cent. below those of May last, notwithstanding the decrease in imports.

Cottons are firm at recent advances and in good demand for the season.

Print cloth have this week risen to 3¼ but but the continued large supplies has caused raw cotton to recede ⅛.

The boot and shoe business is doing well. It is noted that purchasers are already hurrying up their orders, while the leather trade improves slightly, if at all.

The Lehigh coal strike continues, and in consequence, the financial strain is in some quarters severe. Men have already struck.

Several manufacturing companies have closed for the present and repairs usual at this season are likely to continue longer than usual if the markets do not change.

On the other hand the distribution of groceries is noticed in all sections as very large. Trade in holiday goods was both large and early.

At Detroit and some other points the weather is noticed as causing a dullness in some branches of business, and at a few other points the activity continues in the retail trade, though wholesale business exhibits some slackening. But the general volume of trade shown in the bank clearings outside of this city is even now fully as large as last year's at this period, notwithstanding the expected Reading strike.

Stocks have averaged a fraction higher than a week ago, but the market has been exceedingly dull. Wheat has risen 1¾c, mid. 35c, corn ½c, with better distribution; hogs ⅓c and pork 25c per barrel.

Tin has been lifted one cent. Copper is unchanged. Sugar shows no change, though the Louisiana crop is now reported fully 100,000 hogsheads larger than last year.

Exports of wheat shrink as prices advance. Up to December 1, in wheat and flour, 64,200,000 bushels had gone out, against 65,300,000 to the same date last year, leaving of the estimated surplus 13,000,000 bushels more than last year for exports for the remaining seven months.

It is an encouraging fact that singularly little disturbance has yet appeared in regions were real estate speculation was active Payments of interest on mortgages don't seem delayed even where crops have been short. A Chicago agency having $350,000 interest due on mortgages by January 1, have already more than half the amount by December 17. It is observed too, that the demands for money from the interior diminish at Chicago, though that city is still drawing from New York, and the pressure for money there does not abate.

Foreign trade shows a small decrease in imports, while exports from this city for three weeks have been 5.2 per cent. below those of the corresponding weeks last year.

Business failures during the last seven days number for the United States 261, for Canada 29, total 290, compared with 288 last week, and 263 for the corresponding period last year.

WOOL MEN.

They Meet at Columbus to Formulate a Plan of Action for January 11.

COLUMBUS, Dec. 23.—Hon. Columbus Delano, president of the National Woolgrowers' association, Hon. David Harpster, president of the Ohio Wool-growers' association, President Wallace of the Missouri Wool growers' association, and Hon. George L. Converse were in conference at the Neil House yesterday forenoon, talking over matters in connection with the meeting which is to be held at Washington on January 11.

This is to be a meeting between the importers and dealers and manufacturers and growers in the hope of arriving at some mutual agreement on the wool tariff question which will be just to all parties interested. President Delano will in a few days issue an address to the wool-growers of the country on matters pertaining to their interests and relating to the forthcoming meeting at Washington.

A BURNING PROTEST,

Hon. Columbus Delano Writes to the Wool Growers.

COLUMBUS, Dec. 27.—The following terse document is made public, dated Mt. Vernon, O., and addressed to the wool growers of the United States: The sentiment favoring free trade in this country has been augmented to the extent of the President's influence. In announcing his sympathy with those who do not encourage American industries and doctrine labor, the executive emphasized his contempt for your industries by proposing the repeal of all duties on imported wools.

You number about a million voters and give employment to about a million more. Every state and nearly every county in each state of the Union has flocked to the flockmaster's. Your flocks generally are small, your wealth limited and your locations so scattered so as to render organization and united action difficult.

Once the producers of 300,000,000 pounds of wool annually, valued at about ——hundred millions of dollars, have been the unfriendly legislation of 1883 check your growth, and actually reduce your flocks in numbers and your annual clip in quantity to the extent of 15 per cent.

These results followed the small reduction of the protective duties. Now the President proposes their abolition so that South America and Australia, with other foreign nations, can supply the consumption of the United States spindles looms. The officers of your national society desire to organize resistance to this cruel attempt. In order to secure its defeat by active consolidated resistance I advice that you petition Congress freely from all parts of the country. Send letters to Congressmen from every district. Have each association of wool growers—state, county and township or town—pass and forward appropriate resolutions of husbandmen to unite their voices with yours in urging Congress to promote the welfare of agriculture.

Enfranchised freemen may obtain justice and avoid oppression by making those in authority understand their wants. If you have not large or consolidated wealth you have votes. Exercise wisely the power which this privilege gives. The foundation of republics placed in the hands of its people power to correct the errors of those who make or administer our laws without insurrection or violence. The Executive has been misinformed. Remove deception. Let him and the nation know that you will not submit to the proposed injustice without a resolute struggle. C. DELANO,

President National Woolgrowers' association.

NORTHWESTERN MILLERS.

How Water Still Causes Trouble but Also Output Good.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec 22.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: As a result of the extremely low water last week the flower output fell off some, but was comparatively large, being 119,000 barrels and averaging 19,833 barrels daily, against 130,500 barrels the previous week and 120,700 for the corresponding week in 1886.

The weather has been quite open and mild, and the water power shows some improvement. This has enabled water mills to run better, and with those possessing steam driving along at a strong gait the output is likely to show an increase the current week.

Fourteen mills are running to-day, eight of which are driven by steam. One mill, of 1,600 barrels capacity, closes down Saturday for a month to make repairs, but others, idle for some time past, expect to begin work soon.

Christmas coming on Sunday few if any of the mills will observe either Saturday or Monday as a holiday.

The domestic flour market is quiet. Export trade has been small, but is improving, with an advance of 5@10c. Exports last week were 48,000 barrels.

The shoe shop of the Michigan City penitentiary has burned.

SUFFERING KANSAS.

The Story of the Storm as Told by a Topeka Banker—Untold Agony.

TOPEKA, Kan., Dec. 22.—Mr. J. R. Hazeline, a banker of Johnson City, on the frontier, is in the city. He reports a farmer named L. C. Clark, living near Golden, Grant county, left his family at home Monday to go to Hartland, the nearest railroad point, for the purpose of getting coal, his family being entirely without fuel. He left Hartland Monday evening with his coal and the next morning was found about six miles from home lying by the side of his horses frozen stiff.

The animals were also frozen and all of the bodies were partly covered with snow.

Clark's wife and three children had in the meantime nearly perished, and had only saved themselves from death by leaving their shell of a house and taking refuge from the blizzard in a cave.

Two deaths are reported from Greeley county, situated on the Colorado line. A brother and sister named Robert and Sarah Holscappel, who lived on a claim in an unsettled portion of the county, found themselves without fuel Sunday evening.

They tore down a small shed to burn the lumber, and that night the small amount which they had not consumed was stolen from them.

Early the next morning the young man went to the town of Horace, about seven miles distant, and succeeded in getting 200 pounds of coal late in the afternoon. Being obliged to travel against the fierce wind then blowing, he did not reach home until nearly midnight.

His limbs were then numb and he was so exhausted that it was with difficulty that he gained admittance.

He found his sister to be dead insensible and almost stiff. She had been without fire all day, and the poorly built house afforded but little protection.

Although the young man was almost frozen himself, he tried to revive his sister, but without avail.

The other death reports from Greeley county is of a farmer 60 years old, whose name is unknown. He lived alone, and was not only without fuel, but without food.

Being a recent settler in the county he had no aaquaintances.

The widow and her two little children who perished in the storm of Monday night near Dighton, in Lane county, were named Reilly. They were without fuel, and the storm came so suddenly upon them that they were unable to get it.

The woman's oldest son started out in the storm to get coal and was overcome by the cold. Fortunately, he wandered to the house of a neighbor. He was unable to speak, and his arms, feet and ears were frozen. By strenuous efforts, his life was saved, although he will probably lose his feet.

There are also reports of great suffering in Clark county on the Indian territory line. A family of four were traveling overland, and being but ten miles from home and several miles from any other house, determined to reach home that night in spite of the fearful storm.

The horses were overcome and the family was obliged to abandon the horses and wagon and walk to the nearest house.

A two-year-old child froze to death in its father's arms before shelter was reached.

The others reached the house badly frozen.

The condition of the people in Western and Southern Kansas is very bad.

This part of the state has only been recently settled, and some of the counties are still unorganized. Nearly all of the people settled on government claims and were without money, depending entirely upon the crops of last fall.

The crops, however, was a total failure because of drouth, leaving the people, as a general thing destitute. The majority of the people live in rudely built houses, which afford very little protection.

THE HEALTH OF FARM STOCK.

An Interesting Report on a Subject of Much Importance.

CHICAGO, Dec. 27.—The *Farmer's Review* will say: We have endeavored to obtain from our corps of correspondence some reliable information as to the prevalence of disease among farm stock. Our inquiries have had special reference to cholera among swine and glanders among horses. While full particulars have not been furnished us about the former disease, we fear our correspondents have suppressed the facts relative to glanders of horses. It should be stated, however, that where the latter disease exists, the owners of the afflicted animals are apt to do all in their power to keep its presence a secret, and it is probable that our correspondents may not have been able to learn the truth as to the prevalence of this fell disease in their respective counties. Careful compilation of the facts furnished by our correspondents gives us the following particulars about stock diseases in different states:

Illinois—No hog cholera in 48 counties, some cholera in 29 counties, cholera very bad in 7 counties. No glanders reported, but distemper reported among horses in 6 counties.

Wisconsin—No cholera in 26 counties, 1 county reports little cholera, another considerable cholera Two counties reported glanders with one case in each county. No glanders is reported by 26 counties.

Michigan—Twenty-three counties report no cholera, 3 counties report some cholera and 1 county reports considerable cholera. No glanders reported, but 1 county reports distemper and 1 county an unknown disease among horses.

Indiana—Twenty-eight counties report no cholera, 16 counties report a little cholera. No glanders or distemper reported.

Ohio—Thirty-eight counties report no cholera, 9 counties report some cholera; 1 county reports considerable cholera, 1 county reports glanders.

Kentucky—Twelve counties report no cholera and 8 counties some cholera; no glanders reported.

Missouri—Thirteen counties report some cholera, two counties considerable cholera; no glanders reported, but two counties report pink eye.

Iowa—Forty-eight counties report no cholera, thirty-three counties report some cholera, and six counties report the disease bad; a few cases of glanders are reported by four counties, some distemper by two counties and no glanders by eighty-one counties.

Minnesota—Forty-six counties report no cholera. Three counties report a few cases of glanders.

Kansas—Thirty-seven counties report no cholera, fourteen counties some cholera, and six counties considerable cholera. Three counties report a very few cases of glanders.

Nebraska—Thirteen counties report no cholera, ten counties report some cholera, and eight considerable cholera. Nine counties report glanders, and twenty counties report no glanders.

Dakota—Twenty counties report no cholera. Nine counties report glanders, and fifteen report no glanders.

MR. SHERMAN WANTS IT.

He Denies an Alleged Dinner-Table Interview and Defines His Position.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 24.—A special from Washington, D. C., to the *Leader* contains an interview with Senator John Sherman about the Washington dispatch to the New York *World*, which says that he unbosomed himself to his table companion at Justice Field's dinner last week, and acknowledged Blaine would be renominated, and that he (Sherman) would not allow his name to go before the convention.

The senator smiled as he read the dispatch, which, he said, was "all fudge," not a word of truth being in it except that he attended the dinner. Sherman is not a candidate for the Presidential nomination in the sense of striving to get it, yet he would feel gratified if the nomination were tendered to him, and he would accept it, and do all he could by honorable means to secure success. So far from permitting his name to go before the convention, he does not intend to restrain his friends in their efforts to have him nominated.

Furthermore, he does not believe that Mr. Blaine would head the ticket again. Senator Sherman is doing nothing, however, and does not intend to do anything against Blaine. If the Republicans want Blaine to head their ticket, very well; that ticket will receive the cordial support of Senator Sherman and the party of Ohio. But Mr. Sherman would not exchange his Presidential chances for those of Mr. Blaine.

No importance whatever is attached here to the *World's* dispatch. It carries discredit on its face. A man who would repeat a private conversation at a dinner in a private house in Washington would not be believed in this city to any extent. Besides this, it cannot be believed—that a man of the experience of Senator Sherman would discuss his political future at a dinner table, and especially at a dinner given to an Englishman.

The name of John Sherman will go before the Republican convention at Chicago on the 19th of June, 1888, Providence permitting.

Earthquake in Massachusetts.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Dec. 23.—A deep rumbling sound, lasting three seconds, accompanied by a tremor of the earth, was noticed here shortly after midnight. The disturbance aroused the people from their sleep. The shock was felt at Acushnet and the towns in this vicinity.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The Organist Fast Losing the Respect of All Classes of People.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—The Czar is credited with a determination to exclude from Russia upon the slightest pretense all members of the Orleans families, their dependents and supporters. Investigation into the matter proves that some of his own household were so intimately connected with the affair that he was forced to order a cessation of further inquiry, but this naturally doubled his indignation against the instigators of the plot which threw all Europe into a tumult for a week.

Every year appears to weaken the chances of the monarchists ever regaining a foothold in France. Of the former pretenders the Comte de Chambord was, as a man, a model of probity and virtue. Unaffectedly religious, he was reverenced by the Catholic element and respected by those indifferent to the church. Now that the succession has fallen to the Orleanists and the throne seems farther off than ever, the deterioration in morale has become marked, and the opinion is gradually being confirmed that they are failing off as did the Stuarts of England, and, like that unfortunate race, are doomed to ignominious extinction. At the downfall of M. Grevy their hapes rose somewhat, the expectation that Jules Ferry would replace him having some foundation, but the election of Carnot put a quietus to their aspirations in this direction, the intense dislike toward M. Ferry developed during and after the Presidential contest seeming to settle his chances of the most decided manner. The leaders in the Orleanist party agree that their campaign has retrograted ten years at least by the check given to them in the choice of Carnot. The approaching general elections, which cannot be much longer delayed, will be the strength of the monarchists in a manner not to be mistaken, and it there is a serious diminution in the number of seats held by the representatives of their cause, sanguine indeed must be the believers in their ultimate success. Their failing fortunes are by no means aided by the scandals related of the family of the Duc de Chartres, whose son was recently banished by his father to Constantinople to escape the wiles of a married woman bearing a noble name, but whose nobility did not render her too scrupulous to bleed the young man of an enormous sum of money. The party in question followed the exile to the east, and is the whole affair is the gossip and the laughing-stock of the clubs of Paris Losing the respect of the graver portion of the community, and becoming ridiculous in the eyes of the frivolous and fashionable, their prospect of ever wielding the scepter of France becomes more and more visionary every day.

Belgian Steamship Lines to Dismiss Their English Captains and Employ Germans.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—A New York cable says: "There was considerable excitement in maritime circles yesterday over a rumor that there is to be a wholesale dismissal of English captains and under officers now commanding Belgian steamships, who are to be supplanted by German officers. There are several steamship lines in the Belgian merchant marine, the principal one being the Red Star steamship company and the Belgium and Congo line, which is known as "Stanley's line." The Red Star fleet is made up of nine steamships, all of which are registered A1 at Lloyd's, and two new steamers will be added to the line before summer travel commences.

A gentleman who is prominent in steamship circles in this city married here from London, informed a reporter that some in London prevails there among seafaring officers and others interested in shipping over the impending change of officers, as many of the men have had command of the steamers for years In English shipping circles, he said, the opinion is general that the respective changes have a decidedly political aspect, and as the steamers are to be manned by German officers, it is to be assumed that in the event of an outbreak of hostilities between Russia, Austria and Germany, Belgium will stand by Germany and in turn will be supported by the latter.

The only reason then that can be arrived at in England, he said, is that the proposed wholesale changes are for the purpose of having the steamers changed into transports and swift cruisers.

Although Belgium has no navy she has quite a large merchant marine, consisting of thirty first-class iron steamships, seventy-five sailing ships and about three hundred fishing vessels.